Reader's Digest

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EIGHTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

MARCH, 1930

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The Bookman's Monthly Score

From The Bookman (February, '30)

A list of books most in demand in public libraries, compiled by Frank Parker Stockbridge, life member of the American Library Association, in coöperation with the Public Libraries of America.

GENERAL

1.	Henry the Eighth	*Francis Hackett*	LIVERIGHT
2.	The Art of Thinking	*Ernest Dimnet*	SIMON & SCHUSTER
3.	A Preface to Morals	*Walter Lippmann*	MACMILLAN
4.	The Tragic Era*	*Claude G. Bowers*	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
5.	The Mansions of Philosophy	*Will Durant*	SIMON & SCHUSTER
6.	The Cradle of the Deep	*Joan Lowell*	SIMON & SCHUSTER
7.	Strange Interlude*	*Eugene O'Neill*	LIVERIGHT
8.	Elizabeth and Essex	*Lytton Strachey*	HARCOURT, BRACE
9.	Queen Elizabeth*	*Katharine Anthony*	KNOPF
10.	Journey's End*	*R. C. Sherriff*	BRENTANO
11.	Grandmother Brown's Hundred Years*	*Harriet Connor Brown*	LITTLE, BROWN
12.	Salt Water Taffy	*Corey Ford*	PUTNAM

NOVELS

1.	All Quiet on the Western Front	*Erich Maria Remarque*	LITTLE, BROWN
2.	Whiteoaks of Jalna*	*Mazo de la Roche*	LITTLE, BROWN
3.	Roper's Row	*Warwick Deeping*	KNOPF
4.	They Stooped to Folly	*Ellen Glasgow*	DOUBLEDAY, DORAN
5.	The Galaxy	*Susan Ertz*	APPLETON
6.	Scarlet Sister Mary	*Julia Peterkin*	BOBBS-MERRILL
7.	A Farewell to Arms*	*Ernest Hemingway*	SCRIBNER'S
8.	The Dark Journey*	*Julian Green*	HARPERS
9.	Burning Beauty*	*Temple Bailey*	PENN
10.	Red Silence*	*Kathleen Norris*	DOUBLEDAY, DORAN
11.	Hans Frost*	*Hugh Walpole*	DOUBLEDAY, DORAN
12.	A Lantern in Her Hand*	*Bess Streeter Aldrich*	APPLETON

* This title did not appear in the Monthly Score given in our December issue

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Eighth Year MARCH 1930 Vol. 8, No. 95

A Second Ice Age

Condensed from Fortune* (February, '30)

THE preservation of perishable foods is an essential of our civilization. Modern cities, it might be said, stand upon billions of cans. Or, more exactly, they stand on cans and ice. Ours is as much a second ice age as an age of steel. Forget the art of simulating ice and steel will not stand long.

Metropolitan civilization, made possible by the commercial preservation of foods, has produced the Metropolitan Purchaser. The Metropolitan Purchaser lives in a small apartment. She has no children, or two instead of seven. She has a telephone on her kitchen wall and she orders food from day to day in small quantities as she needs it. She has ideas about bacteria, a religion of antisepsis and no place to put a quarter of beef. She will not accept crackers out of a barrel nor pickles out of a tub but buys both in sealed and trade-marked containers. This is all very well for the dealer in flour or sugar. But how can the dealer in perishable meat and fish turn out a trade-marked, packaged, factory product of uniform value and participate in the profits of such a market?

The fish industry knows the answer. The meat industry is learning it. The vegetable and berry growers are less puzzled about it than they were. The answer is: by freezing. But not by freezing in the ancient sense; by *freezing with a difference.*

Frozen meats and fish have been handled commercially for a long time. But the Metropolitan Purchaser does not like them. She refuses to buy them when she knows what they are.

* See note at the end of this article.

And she is right. For meat and fish frozen in the ordinary way — i.e. "air-frozen" or "slow-frozen" or "sharp-frozen" — deteriorate in the frozen state and on the defrosting. They dry out; the fats oxidize; large crystals of ice form in the cells, rupturing the walls and permitting the nutritive and flavoring juices to drip away.

The discovery which enables the fish industry to sell its packaged fillets of fresh fish was the discovery of "quick freezing" with very cold liquid refrigerants. Its effect is to do in approximately one hour what is done in sharp freezing in from 10 to 48. Since the size of a crystal depends upon the time allowed for it to form, and since, in quick freezing, the flesh to be frozen takes 25 minutes to pass through the zone of maximum crystal formation as against about 350 minutes in sharp freezing, the crystals formed in quick freezing are smaller and will not disrupt the cell tissue. So far as desiccation is concerned, if the flesh to be frozen is first wrapped in moisture-proof vegetable parchment, and then boxed and frozen, practically no shrinkage takes place.

In the meat packing industry quick-freezing is still in the experimental stage. With red meats there is a difficulty in that such meats tend to change color as they thaw. Most of the big packing houses are, however, definitely committed to the undertaking. One plant reports that it has succeeded in freezing "everything from moose to porpoise," and intends to prepare packaged frozen chops. Other firms are preparing frozen chops, steaks, liver, sweetbreads, and poultry.

But the problem, from the meat packer's point of view, is by no means simple. In addition to the "bloom" of the meat and the mechanical obstacles to be overcome, there are the retailing difficulties. The public aversion to "cold storage meat" must be surmounted. The public must be persuaded to pay an *apparently* higher price for an individually-packaged, frozen chop than for a fresh chop (the *actual* price per ounce of edible meat is lower). Refrigerating counters must be provided, and the whole retailing organization must be rearranged, for packaged cuts, from which all waste has been removed, deprive the butcher of the margin of profit he now makes in charging for weight he later trims away.

The selling of packaged frozen berries and vegetables is also in the experimental stage. Approximately 4,250,000 gallons of strawberries were frozen-packed in the northwest in 1928. These berries, which change color on defrosting, but retain flavor and aroma, are widely and successfully used in baking and in making ice creams,

etc. Other berries, particularly raspberries, are successfully frozen and marketed. With vegetables it has been found that, though flavor and color can be retained, texture alters. Asparagus collapses. Corn on the cob goes soggy. String beans are "slightly limp." Peas, on the other hand, are "equal to cooked fresh peas in all respects."

But with the exception of the texture of fruits and vegetables, the technical difficulties in the way of quick-freezing of perishable goods seem to be surmounted. The difficulties in the way of *retailing* remain considerable. Quick-frozen goods must be held at temperatures of 15 to 20 degrees Fahrenheit. They must be displayed, in order that eye-appeal may overcome the prejudice against frozen foods. The display case must be protected against loss of cold and formation of moisture, fogging the glass. It must be so built that the chilling unit can be defrosted without raising the temperature of the case. And it must be capable of very low temperatures. The General Electric is at work on such a case, as are other manufacturers.

Assuming, as the facts permit, that the major problems will be solved, it is obvious that economic consequences of the first importance will follow. Electric refrigeration in the home becomes a necessity and the most perishable foods are bought, frozen, in large quantities, kept until needed, thawed, and eaten as though fresh. In the towns the drug stores (which in general have better refrigerating equipment than the grocery stores) become the general stores, displacing the butcher shop and the fish market.

The packers become able to receive the heavy August and September runs of fancy grass-fed cattle which, because of their watery flesh, are useless for slow-freezing, butcher them, quick-freeze the cuts and so stabilize the price to producers. So also the fish industry wipes the shadow of Friday from the sea and stabilizes the price of fish.

The ice of the second Ice Age, like that of the first, is in movement. Continents will alter before it; heaped-up cities will be its high moraines.

NOTE: *Fortune*, the "de luxe" magazine of business, makes its first appearance with this issue. It is published by Time, Inc., who publish the weekly news magazine *Time*, and has for its purpose "to bring to the record of industry a distinction and beauty to match the superlative importance of modern business." It is a sumptuous magazine, sold at $1 a copy, $10 a year. A large proportion of its many striking photographs are in color. Among other subjects treated in this issue are, "Hogs" — a detailed description of "disassembling" the hog — "Glass," "Banking," "Orchids," etc.

The California Legend

Condensed from The Atlantic Monthly (February, '30)

Earnest Elmo Calkins
Former advertising specialist; essayist

ENTERING Southern California, you find yourself in a foreign country with strange and amusing folk ways. Something in the environment — sun, soil, the scarcity of water, the cheapness of food, the imminence of Hollywood, or possibly merely the exhortations of the most earnest chambers of commerce in the world — has given these people a complacent patriotism and a courtesy toward visitors from less favored spots that is found nowhere else in the United States.

You enter the country in your car, perhaps. At once the entire population springs to your assistance. Do you hesitate at a fork, a passer-by comes quickly to the side of your car to ask if you want to ask anything. And the information is always forthcoming, given with a certain smiling pride in being a citizen of the country about which you inquire. Every inhabitant has taken an oath that no visitor shall be repulsed. *Noblesse oblige*. To be a Californian imposes its code. Hospitality is a civic cult.

Automobile clubs and chambers of commerce await you with rows of smiling girls to answer your questions. Every golf club is at your disposal. The hotel keepers fill your rooms with flowers and fruit. Bankers, taxi drivers, and policemen are at your beck and call.

The capital of this country has its nucleus in Los Angeles, with numerous suburbs and dependencies, such as Glendale, Beverly Hills, Hollywood, Pasadena, Inglewood, Redondo, Palos Verdes, Long Beach, — 79 in all, — set close together and constituting one integral city. It is not densely built, however. There is something spacious and airy about it, partly because the buildings are low, partly because the streets have been built since it was really understood what the motor car means to modern civilization. Without doubt it is the most motorable city in the world.

The underlying cause behind the marked disposition to concerted action in Southern California is probably scarcity of water, and the coöperation necessary to ensure a sufficient supply to transform the country from a desert into the truck garden of the nation. Southern California has more acres under irrigation than any other state in the Union, and

the United States has more than any country except India. All water used by each inhabitant is measured and paid for. Gardens and fruit farms respond to the exactitude with which water can be applied without waste or drought.

This fantastic, colorful, light-hearted civilization depends for its very existence on irrigation ditches. Water is the civic tie that binds. To get water and distribute it properly demands coöperation of a farsighted character; and Californians, having learned the lesson of acting together, have proceeded to apply it with surprising and satisfactory results.

One of the entertaining features of storing water for future use is the temporary employment of it as a municipal bathing pool. These are found in every community, and after the impounded water has been used for recreation it goes on its way to irrigate the land and nourish the oranges, lemons, grapes, celery, and asparagus that grow so abundantly in what was once a desert.

The genius for teamwork is exhibited in the marketing of these crops. California is famous for its coöperative advertising and selling. Oranges, lemons, raisins, grapefruit, nuts, lumber, and native products, produced in small units, are pooled, graded, trade-marked, and advertised with profitable results, and these methods could and should be imitated by farmers everywhere.

But coöperation alone is not enough to explain such striking results in the way of behavior, landscape, architecture, and advertising unless backed up by an unusual originality. And this originality the Californians have.

Outdoor advertising is likely to take three-dimensional forms — in other words, to become statuary of a kind. A wayside refreshment stand specializing in chicken dinners has a huge hen 15 feet tall surrounded by a brood of gigantic chicks. Orange drinks are dispensed from huge oranges looking like the house of Peter Pumpkin-Eater. The retail shops of a chain of bakeries are miniature flour mills with great Dutch sails which revolve slowly all day and by night are outlined in colored electric lights.

A California hotel is usually a small village of cottages with the central building but slightly larger — the grounds treated with all the picturesqueness of a World's Fair setting. This arrangement is possible because central heating is not required. Vista del Arroyo, in Pasadena, has its dependencies hanging like swallows' nests to the side of the deep canyon which divides Pasadena from Los Angeles. The golf links are on the bottom of the canyon, and opposite is one of those characteristic develop-

ments which are dotting the Los Angeles plain. Broad roads sweep up the hill in masterful curves, and along these roads are low red-roofed houses, the gables of one on a level with the doorstep of the next above. Every contour of the land which suggests new stunts in layout is daringly seized.

One may also behold whole towns created almost while one waits. Speculative builders create houses of the most elaborate character, with landscaped gardens, fountains playing, electric refrigerators installed, before a single one is sold. The unfettered imagination is equalled only by the sublime self-confidence. No speculative builder of the East dares dream such dreams as his brothers on the Pacific Coast execute.

Never have I seen projects so imbued with imagination and hope. In some cases, indeed, imagination and hope and sunshine are all that many speculators have at present. Just beyond University City you may enter a beautiful green valley empty of everything made by man but rows of neat yellow-and-black location signs, marking the scene of a new town. "You are now entering Chesterfield," the first sign announces. Various markers call attention to the golf club, chamber of commerce, theater, community center, and, of course, the community plunge — and there is not a single building in the whole valley. The last jubilant bulletin gives the finishing touch: "University City looked like this ten years ago."

In the towns fruit and flower stands give the streets an air of gayety the year round. Oranges add their positive hue to the wayside spectrum. Deep red apples are piled in high pyramids. Grocery stores have no fronts, but are open to the weather — one great show window, the packaged goods in serried patterns on shelves at the back, and the green vegetables and fruits, spotlessly clean and inviting, adding a decorative touch in front. These markets have a cresent-shaped parking space in front. You drive the nose of your car right up to the counter.

Showmanship and salesmanship have become fine arts with these people. They sell everything from oranges at five cents a dozen to hilltop Spanish villas at $50,000 apiece with a dramatic unction that is Oriental in its origin and French in its decorativeness, except for the scale on which it functions.

Everybody has a car. A moving picture theater to which I went seated two thousand people and everyone came by auto. The parked cars radiated in all directions. Yet there was plenty of

(Continued on page 968)

Where Prohibition Is a Success

Condensed from Ladies' Home Journal (January, '30)

Samuel Crowther

Author of many books on labor and business; author (with Henry Ford) of "My Life and Work"

WE talk so much about Prohibition as a moral crusade against Old Demon Rum, or, taking the other tack, as an assault upon personal liberty, that we are apt to forget that this law has an *economic* as well as a moral background.

Prohibition, in point of fact, is a great economic experiment in changing the direction of the spending of money. And from a very careful study of the experiment from this angle, I am convinced that Prohibition is an economic success.

It is absurd to trace any of our recent prosperity to the war; one does not gain wealth by squandering it. That is shown by the progress — or rather lack of progress — of the rest of the world since the war. Moreover, some of our greatest industries — such as farming, coal mining, and textiles — which have always been major elements in our wealth, have experienced crises which might have dragged the whole country into economic depression. But the country has remained prosperous. There is a new sustaining force at work which we have never known before. And that force is undoubtedly Prohibition.

If the head of a family with an income of $100 spends $20 for drink, he does not, of course, absolutely waste his money in so far as the prosperity of the country is concerned. But a purchase of liquor sets in motion a very small chain of purchasing as compared with the same money saved in a bank or spent, say, for shoes. It makes a profound difference to the country how people spend their money.

If manufacturing workers alone were to spend one-fifth of their wages on drink — and this is not a high average expenditure — it would mean a diversion of more than two billion dollars a year from general consumption into the consumption of drink. It follows inevitably that if workingmen generally are spending a smaller proportion of their income for drink by reason of Prohibition, that law is aiding prosperity.

It is on this point that I have lately completed an extensive inquiry among hundreds of business leaders in this country. I found practical unanimity of opinion among these men, no matter whether they endorsed or condemned Prohibition, that wage

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earners are spending less for liquor. Everywhere, business leaders agreed that the wage earners are spending more on their families than they ever did, and that standards of living are going up.

The evidence gathered seems to be a fair cross section of the wage earning population of the country. Money that formerly went for drink is going elsewhere. Liquor is expensive and out of reach of many who used to buy it. Whether or not it is playing the game for others to buy it because they can afford it is another question that has nothing to do with the economics of the situation.

As Mr. Edison said to me some months ago: "I think we have about 60 percent enforcement of Prohibition, which is rather higher than the enforcement of many laws. It should not be difficult to raise the enforcement to 80 percent. If we did that, no country anywhere could compete with us economically."

The California Legend

(Continued from page 966)

room to park them. When we drove back from Hollywood to Pasadena the roadway was full of cars, but the sidewalks were empty — a vision of the future city, when pedestrians have become extinct. But despite the pervasiveness of the motor car, the Californians use the airplane as freely as we in the East hop on to a trolley car. And there is always a flock of planes over your head as you play golf on the bottoms of the canyons.

The country is a sort of vast civic laboratory where experiments in living are tried out under favorable conditions. The Californians begin *now*, with nothing to undo. Their experiments are shrewd, original, and sometimes amusing. They receive people from other states, submit them to the influence of sun, blue sky, easy living conditions, abundant flowers and fruit, plenty of light and air, cheap food, and low building costs, and soon engender in them the same enthusiastic loyalty and patriotism that the older inhabitants have.

You may deplore the Californian's attitude; you may think that he boasts too much, that he talks like a prospectus; but you must admit that he has the goods.

What's Wrong with Textiles?

Condensed from The World's Work (February, '30)

William R. Basset with Samuel Crowther

Mr. Basset was the textile expert for the Hoover Committee on Waste Elimination

WHEN the textile industry began to leave New England and go South, its actual reasons for moving were not those usually given — such as to be nearer the cotton fields or to gain cheaper power. These reasons may have carried some weight. But the real reasons for moving South were to get away from the unions and to have the benefit of a lower wage scale; and both of these reasons, while they would have been counted good enough 25 years ago, sound strange today. Modern industry knows that it cannot dodge problems — it must meet them head on. Moving South was only dodging a problem. Now the dodging is at an end.

This, on the whole, is extremely fortunate, for despite their present difficulties, there is no reason why textiles should not be among the high-wage, high-profit industries spreading wealth both in New England and the South. There is plenty of business for the industry. The home market of the United States alone has the capacity to absorb more cotton goods than all the rest of the world together.

While making the survey for the Hoover Committee, I found that over a period of years the spindles of the textile industry worked just about half the time. Some mills worked steadily, but the majority were irregular, and others operated only during boom seasons. This was and still is the most striking fact about the industry: and also it is one of the reasons why no wage is really satisfactory to the worker, for no matter how high the wage may be, a man cannot support his family on it if he gets it only half the time.

These conditions are steadily growing worse, for the textile industry today is an ancient industry trying to function in a modern world. The ways of business have changed; but this the textiles ignore.

The tradition of cotton is a sordid affair which has gone through many stages. Half a century ago the experts said that cotton could not be raised without slaves. But time has proved them wrong, although today in this country cotton is raised by a sort of slave — the poor tenant farmer in the grasp of money-lending storekeeping creatures. King Cotton has always misruled his sub-

jects. When cotton machinery came in so did child labor. In England they took children from their play and put them to work, and thus they managed to produce the odd, misshapen human beings of the midland counties. We, too, started down the same road because it was easier to find children to work than to find management brains. In the "good old days" tots of nine and ten were expected to be at the mills by five in the morning and to work until half past seven in the evening; and as everyone knows, little children are still working in some of the mills of the South. The whole tradition of cotton has been squalid and reactionary.

The management of a mill is commonly in the hands of a treasurer. He buys the cotton, he sells the finished product. The mill is more or less supposed to look after itself.

In any well-managed manufacturing business the price of the finished product is based upon the cost of production. That is not true with cotton. The mill makes a yarn or fabric. It costs just as much to do that making whether the raw cotton is selling at ten cents or ten dollars a pound. But the finished product is sold, not on what it cost to make but on the basis of the market price of cotton at the time of sale.

It is not manufacturing skill but judgment in buying and selling cotton that makes a mill prosperous. The manufacturing skill counts only when for a long time the price of cotton remains stable, and that does not often happen. Tradition has built up the practice. It is watching the ticker, not the mill, that counts.

This speculative feature kills real business. The cotton mill starts to get busy when the price of raw cotton rises. The curve of activity through the years shows that. As the price rises they get busier and busier. They keep bidding up raw cotton and finished goods. And then, when everything is in full swing, they force the price so high that the consumers curtail their cotton purchases and the market breaks. Under these conditions real manufacturing, which seeks always to reduce costs and to sell lower so that the demand may be increased, is impossible. The cotton people do not cultivate their markets; they kill them.

Therefore, because cotton making is a kind of gambling, management skill is not in demand. The present managers do not even know cotton. Many mills discard one-quarter of the cotton bought because it is not the cotton needed for the work. The man who knows most about cotton selection in this country told

me that simply buying the kind of cotton best adapted to the work would save a waste out of which could be paid wages and profits.

An industry does not exist solely to pay wages. Neither does it exist solely to pay profits. It exists to serve the public, and always it comes about that serving the public to the best advantage makes high wages and high profits inevitable. When an industry is paying high wages and earning low profits it is in bad shape; when it is earning high profits and paying low wages it is in bad shape. When it is paying low wages and also earning low profits it is in very bad shape.

Few mills have trade-marked specialties which they can advertise and upon which they can build up good will. Very few mills make any effort to style their goods or to turn out new fabrics; that accounts for the slackened use of cotton goods in dressmaking. I have found that many mills actually do not know costs. As a result, when dealing with the great buying power represented by a modern chain system, they are likely to sell below cost just to get ready money. Thus the mills that do know their costs find themselves up against the most unthinking competition.

The speculative character of the industry is probably responsible for nearly all its ills, for there is no great point in giving attention to modern sales methods if more money is to be made by buying and selling at the right time. However, in general, there are also too many small mills inefficiently managed. This means that only mergers will produce strong companies which will be able to increase both wages and profits. The advantages which the textile industry would gain from mergers are numerous. Here are a few of them:

1. Competition would be between well-managed big concerns rather than among several hundred small, poorly managed concerns; it would therefore probably be less ignorant and malicious.

2. Strong mergers would put the industry in better position to deal with powerful buyers. Chain stores are much too powerful for individual mills to deal with successfully.

3. Each mill, instead of making several products, could concentrate on one or a few specialties. This would tend to reduce production costs.

4. Administrative expenses would be lessened through pooling the expenses of selling, buying, accounting, collecting accounts, and so on. Advertising, and research into merchandising problems, could also be undertaken.

Certainly if the cotton mills do not soon work out a solution for themselves, the chain organizations will begin to go into cotton manufacturing just to insure supplies at reasonable prices. Whenever an industry does not serve, its more powerful customers begin to take it over. And this may happen to textiles.

Blind . . . Deaf . . . Dumb

Condensed from The New Yorker (January 25, '30)

Robert M. Coates

WHEN Helen Adams Keller earned her B.A. degree from Radcliffe College in 1904, "with especial mention for her excellence in English Literature," her achievement had about it something miraculous. It demonstrated finally that the deaf, dumb, and blind need not necessarily be classed as idiots, as the law had for so long termed them. It implied that by better training methods such persons might be given a normal education.

Helen Keller was born, a normal child, in Tuscumbia, Alabama, on June 27, 1880. Her father, Arthur Keller, was editor of the *North Alabamian*. At the age of 19 months an attack of "brain fever" left Helen blind, deaf, and dumb, and — as it was thought — an idiot.

She grew into childhood, wild and unruly, giggling and chuckling to express pleasure; kicking, scratching, uttering the choked screams of the deaf-mute to indicate the opposite. It was not till 1888 that her father was financially able to provide expert care for the child. He wrote to the Perkins Institute at Boston, and a young teacher, Miss Anne Sullivan, was sent down to be Helen's companion and teacher. When she arrived, Helen was eight years old, but practically it was the beginning of all life for her. The two have been inseparable companions ever since.

The blind children at Perkins Institute had made a doll for Miss Sullivan to give Helen Keller. She began her training with that. She would put the doll in Helen's hand, take it away; then she would spell "d-o-l-l," by the symbols of the "hand-manual" alphabet, into the child's palm. Finally, she would hold one hand open, and with the other she would move Helen's fingers to spell "d-o-l-l" into the palm again. Then, she would give her the doll to play with.

Because her illness had come at so early an age, Helen Keller was to all purposes as if she had been born blind, deaf, and dumb. She had no conscious remembrance of ever having heard a sound, seen a light, uttered a word. She had no idea of the mental process, accepted unthinkingly by all of us, through which names represent things; she hadn't the faintest conception of the intricacies of language. Except for the differ-

ence in intelligence, the thing was like teaching a dog — but one who could neither see nor hear — to perform a complicated series of meaningless tricks, each at a given hand-signal. Nevertheless, she finally got the idea. By the end of a month, she had learned (since she had never seen her fingers, it was purely by muscle-memory) to spell a few simple words: "c-a-n-d-y," "a-p-p-l-e," "s-p-o-o-n," and so on.

Then began the even more difficult job — that of teaching her the idea of an alphabet. Gradually, by spelling words, by repeating single letters over and over again, her conception of names as entities was broken down, and the idea of individual letters, out of which words could be built, was substituted. It required, on the part of Miss Sullivan, a tremendous patience and resourcefulness; on the part of the child, a philosophical spark that seems almost miraculous. It took three years, but by the time that she was 11, Helen Keller knew the alphabet, both by palm-manual and Braille raised type, and could read and write.

By now, Miss Sullivan was convinced that her charge was an exceptional child, and when the rumor reached her that somewhere in Sweden a dumb child had been taught to talk, she decided to try it on Helen. The method she devised was based on the classification of all sounds as nasal, labial, and gutteral. Accordingly, the child was taught to place her thumb on the speaker's throat, the first two fingers on the lips, and the third at the side of the nose. In this way she first learned to recognize the various sounds, and then to pronounce them. The first sentence she learned to speak was: "I am not dumb now." It is one of those simple statements to which circumstances can give an epic quality. Since then, in lectures, and recently in movietone, the two women have demonstrated the process of instruction hundreds of times. Always the climax, when Helen repeats in her queer, laboring voice, "Ah-eee ammm nnnot ha-dummm nnnowoo!" is infinitely moving.

Anne Sullivan went with her to Radcliffe, spelling lectures into her hand, reading lesson assignments aloud while Helen fingered her lips. They were never parted. Anne Sullivan fell in love with John Macy, the poet and critic, and was married to him. The three lived together. Later, Mrs. Macy and her husband separated. She remained with Helen.

They live now at 93 Seminole Avenue, in Forest Hills. Mrs. Macy is now past 60 and her own eyesight is failing. Helen Keller is 49. Her eyes are blue, and have none of the lack-lustre look usual to the blind. When she talks, they

take on animation; they gaze at you with what seems a seeing glance.

She likes to talk, to be with people. With friends, she puts her fingers on their lips and "reads" their words. It is only necessary to enunciate clearly for her to understand. Her own speech is difficult to understand only as would be that of a foreigner a little uncertain of his accent.

She talks bookishly. Never having heard a voice, she has never learned the easy vocabulary of ordinary intercourse. To express her ideas, she falls back on the phrases she has learned from books. "Mine is a reasonably happy life. I have the immeasurable fires of the mind for light," she will say, as one would remark, "I have a good time on the whole." It is perhaps because of this habit of phraseology that many people attribute to her a sentimentality which neither her life nor her writings justify.

Thus, she has no illusions as to the sixth senses so often attributed, with awe, to the blind. Recent tests by Columbia professors indicate that, fundamentally, her senses of touch, taste, and smell are hardly better than the average. She has, however, developed a certain acuteness in interpreting these perceptions. She can tell, by the sense of smell, whether she is entering a church, a house, a public building; similarly, passing a shop, she can often tell what goods are sold there. She can feel the vibrations of various instruments, and distinguish the rhythm of the music, by touch. The poet, Carl Sandburg, is an old friend of hers and brings his banjo when he visits; she touches the rim of the instrument and "reads" the melodies. No matter how her friends may try to hide it, she can tell when one is cross, or nervous, or gay, by the almost imperceptible differences in the way their hands touch hers. But she often goes wrong in other things; for years, Mrs. Macy has been trying to explain to her that radiators do not give out light, and she has never got it straight yet. To her, light and heat are still the same.

Her whole life has been a struggle to come as near to self-reliance as her limitations would permit. She dresses herself. Her desk is her own; she types her own manuscripts, keeps them in order. She washes dishes; she eats unaided; she walks with no one but Hans, the Great Dane dog, for company. She is essentially gay, spirited, sturdy. Inevitably, she must know moments of the most intolerable depression. Such moods she hides. She permits no one to pity her. On the other hand, she must have depths of meditation, of philosophical enjoyment, which we who live so much closer to the surface can never know.

This Is *Anastasia*

Condensed from The North American Review (February, '30)

Gleb Botkin

Son of the late Tsar's personal physician; one-time playmate of Anastasia

I THINK no mystery in the annals of royalty is more romantic than that of Grand Duchess Anastasia, also known as Madame Tchaikowsky, who now dwells secluded near New York, the guest of a certain Miss Annie Burr Jennings.

To me there is no mystery attached to the case of Madame Tchaikowsky. I not merely believe her to be Anastasia — I know that she is. The guest of Miss Jennings is the youngest daughter of the late Emperor Nicholas II, and the only survivor of the Ekaterinburg massacre. Because I have officially and actually withdrawn from the case, I can for the first time (and I hope for the last) relate what I know of it.

I have known Anastasia since she was seven and I was eight. She has never been very pretty, though her blue eyes are exactly like her father's. She was always gay, witty, possessed of a great sense of humor and, when she wanted, delightfully kind. The courtiers considered her an adorable *enfant terrible*, and her cousins thought her a little nuisance. We used to play together, and I thought her charming.

Some nine years after I first saw Anastasia, we all found ourselves in exile in Siberia. Tobolsk was truly a God-forsaken place, 250 miles from the nearest railroad, buried from October to May in snow, with the temperature at about 40 degrees Fahrenheit below zero.

Our party of exiles was placed in two houses, across the street from each other. I found myself in one house with my father, my sister, and several members of the Imperial Suite. The Empress was very anxious to have my sister and myself study and play with her children, but for some mysterious reason, the revolutionary Commissars stubbornly refused permission for this. All we could do was exchange greetings through windows, and send messages by my father, who, as personal physician to the Tsar, was allowed to visit the prisoner. With the eldest Grand Duchess, Olga, I exchanged verses, and for Anastasia and the little heir I drew funny pictures.

It was a dreary winter, but it would have been drearier still had it not been for Anastasia. Not yet 17, she managed to keep her courage and amuse others

even at the darkest moments. My father reported that the Grand Duchesses were always trying to cheer up their father, who had plenty of reason for gloom. Almost every day the guards threatened to shoot us all.

In the spring of 1918 my sister and I were forcibly separated from our father, who was taken with the Imperial Family to Ekaterinburg. We were left in Tobolsk. Soon afterwards Tobolsk was captured by the "Whites." We were saved. But what of the Imperial Family and our father? We knew nothing. At the first opportunity I rushed to Ekaterinburg, arriving there with a detachment of White troops, about a week after the whole Imperial Family and my father had been shot.

In 1920 I escaped to Japan. In 1922 I arrived in the United States. Wherever I went I heard of rescued Grand Duchesses. I even met some of them. It came to a point when every announcement of another "discovery" of a Grand Duchess caused me to fly into anger.

Then, in 1925, I read a cable from Germany about the discovery in Berlin of a Madame Tchaikowsky who claimed to be the Grand Duchess Anastasia. The same afternoon a reporter called on me. I declared emphatically that Madame Tchaikowsky was either a fraud or a lunatic.

Several months passed, and I began to hear about Madame Tchaikowsky again. The information was baffling and disturbing. At length I began to investigate the matter earnestly. The more I investigated, the more I had to admit that this pretender had a good case. She herself seemed to remain completely indifferent to her fate. Nevertheless, I remained highly skeptical.

At last, late in 1926, I received a hysterical letter from my sister. She had visited Madame Tchaikowsky and found her to be indeed Anastasia. But Anastasia was sick, penniless, persecuted. I had every confidence in my sister's judgment, and yet I couldn't quite believe even her. But I naturally was greatly upset, and as soon as I could manage it, went to Europe. Early in May, 1927, I arrived at the ancient Bavarian castle of the Duke of Leuchtenberg, who at the time was offering refuge to Madame Tchaikowsky. At first she refused to see me. I waited from day to day. One afternoon, while I was in the hall, the door opened and before me appeared — Anastasia.

It is difficult to describe the shock I experienced, but from the first moment I knew her to be Anastasia. There could be not the slightest doubt about it. She, likewise, recognized me at once and on the same afternoon she singled out from the many draw-

ings I brought to show her those which I had made in Siberia.

Her situation was pathetic. Her own relatives tried to have her arrested, kidnapped. There had been several attempts on her life. German newspapers, allied with Anastasia's uncle, were waging a ruthless campaign against her, trying to prove that she was a Polish peasant. The Duke of Leuchtenberg was losing his head. It was all mysterious and dreadful. I felt myself plunged into the Middle Ages. There seemed to be no explanation for it all, but at all costs, Anastasia had to be got out of Europe. I promised to try to do it.

In June, 1927, I was back in New York, but nobody wanted to listen to me. Some of my friends thought I was embarked on some unscrupulous political adventure. But at last Mrs. William B. Leeds, the former Princess Xenia, offered to receive Anastasia, and in February, 1928, Anastasia finally reached the United States.

I thought that now her troubles were over, but I was much mistaken. The mystery began to clear up. The Emperor had left a fortune to his daughters in England. There was also money and real estate in Germany and Finland. Anastasia's relatives had long been searching for that fortune, but couldn't locate it. It was Anastasia herself who finally gave the necessary information.

To add to other complications, it was just in the summer of 1928 that the money had to be given to Anastasia's aunts, unless a claim for Anastasia's rights were made officially before then. Anastasia received my promise that I would try to save her fortune for her. Meanwhile, however, she quarreled with me and with everybody else, until she was completely isolated on the Leeds' estate.

Nevertheless, Anastasia's fortune was duly rescued and tied up in the banks. And then Anastasia's hosts delivered an ultimatum. She was either going to renounce her claims and let her aunts inherit her money, or else she was to leave their house in 48 hours.

As a consequence of this decision, I found myself one day with Anastasia and an American friend, driving in a car along the Long Island highways. What were we going to do? We had no money, and even we who had befriended Anastasia had been mysteriously threatened. We took her to an attic on Fifty-Sixth Street, New York, occupied by a certain John R. Colter, a journalist who had always championed Anastasia's cause. Luckily she was satisfied with a vegetarian diet. Colter and I had just enough money between us to buy her lettuce and a tomato for supper.

Then other friends came to the rescue. Anastasia went to live in Garden City, Long Island, and remained hidden there until she accepted the invitation from Miss Jennings.

I must say that Anastasia has been totally misrepresented by her own adherents who, in trying to provoke more sympathy for her, and explain away her often bewildering actions or statements, have created a wrong picture of her. She can indeed be bewildering and exasperating. But in this her personality has not changed. She can be witty and kind, but she is still the *enfant terrible*, and that can be very trying in a grown person. She suffers from all the idiosyncrasies common to royalty. She insists on most rigid observance of court etiquette. She hates everything associated — like the Russian language — with her fearful family tragedy. It is on these grounds that she considers it insulting to be questioned. Her adherents started the very harmful myth that she lost her memory and forgot Russian. All of which is pure fiction. Anastasia's memory is amazingly good. Actually, Russian is the only language she knows perfectly, but she insists on talking either English or German.

But if one doesn't violate a fundamental of court etiquette by asking her questions, she herself will talk freely of her past. Her last recollection of the night of July 17, 1918, is that she saw the Commissar Yourovsky shoot the Emperor through the head. She hid behind her sister Olga, heard Olga scream, and lost consciousness. She came to herself in a peasant cart, traveling along the highway with two men and two women. She was covered with wounds and remained for a long time semi-conscious. Later it was explained that the two men were among the Bolshevik shooting squad and accompanied the bodies of the victims to the forest. They noticed that Anastasia was alive, stole her, and brought her to their farm. They set out the same night in a cart and after many weeks of weary travel they reached Rumania.

There Anastasia married one of her rescuers and gave birth to a son. Soon afterward her husband, Tchaikowsky, was killed. Her little son is said to have died. Anastasia made her way to Germany, where she wanted to find her godmother, Princess Irene of Prussia. Arrived in Berlin, she threw herself from a bridge in a fit of despair, but was rescued by the police. Since she refused to answer a single question, she was placed in an insane asylum. It was there that she was recognized by Russian visitors who had known her in her childhood. They obtained her release from the asylum in 1922.

Why We Have Taboos

Condensed from The Mentor (January, '30)

Havelock Ellis

English philosopher, and eminent specialist in human behavior

A TABOO simply indicates something that is "not done." The reason why it is not done may be, and often is, unknown to those who observe the taboo. So, although there are all kinds of false reasons invented to explain taboos, there are always true reasons below the surface.

Unthinking people sometimes talk as though taboos were effete relics of the past which it is our duty to cast away. A very little reflection will show that human society could not survive their loss. Property, for instance, could not exist without the taboo against stealing. Law and the police struggle against the violations of that taboo; but they do so very ineffectually; they could not do it at all in the absence of the taboo, for all of us possess the opportunity to steal.

It is indeed only the existence of taboos that enables us to possess any sacredness of personality. It is taboos that preserve our more refined sensibilities from the people who wipe their mouths with the tablecloth and blow their noses with the serviette, and it is taboos that preserve us from being murdered outright. If we were objects of complete indifference to our fellows, we should soon be driven to suicide.

Life is livable because we know that other people will be restrained in their actions toward us by an almost instinctive network of taboos. If we take our place in a queue at a railway station they will not thrust themselves in front of us; if we claim a seat by placing our suitcase on it they will not fling the article aside and place themselves there; if — to come to the sphere with which taboos are today for most persons specially associated — they chance to experience an impulse of sexual attraction they will not lay lustful hands on us. No published laws — even when such exist — are needed to restrain them. They are held back by almost instinctive taboos.

Such taboos are typical in our own society and are cherished even by those who profess contempt for taboos. The whole tendency of our society today is to strengthen the taboos that preserve the freedom and enlarge the activities of the individual in moving about in a civilized environment.

The recognition of the perma-

nence of the taboo-impulse and the constant tendency to develop new taboos may enable us to face with calmness the falling away of old taboos which are no longer needed under changed social conditions. This change of taboos is always going on slowly or rapidly. Often it is small things — small yet significant — which enable us to grasp the reality of changes. When we read in Pepys' Diary that he is simply amused to find lice in a strange bed he slept in, we realize the profound change in our attitude since the 17th century. I always recall as small but significant the first occasion on which I observed a young woman in a London street pausing a moment to adjust her stocking without embarrassment and without going a step out of her way. I had been brought up in a period when any woman who wished to pull up her stocking would have retired into the darkest alley she could find with her face to the wall. The difference is typical of a revolutionary change in the whole attitude of women.

Our taboos in regard to sex are also shifting. Most of us recall the days when only in professional quarters was it possible to discuss frankly the issues of venereal diseases. Now not only has that subject been brought out into the open, but the whole question of sex education is being studied in all countries. In Russia it may be found here and there developed with relentless thoroughness and with the aid of the cinema to illustrate its various phases. In Germany, also, the cinema is largely employed.

Such innovations alone represent an enormous change. Of all the taboos in civilization up to recent years none has been stronger than that against speech on matters of sex. The taboo is very old. Even in the early books of the Bible when we read of "feet" they are not always the part of the body which we are thereby to understand, and thousands of years later legs were always called "limbs."

The whole series of changes so far as women have been concerned — and it is in connection with women that the violated taboos have caused most uproar — were the outcome of a single movement, the movement for making women the companions of men. In medieval theory, woman was either above man or below him: in one aspect she was Mary, the Mother of God; in the other, Eve, the seducer of men and the cause of all his woe. Now that she has emerged as man's companion and equal, many of the old taboos have been broken. Changed ideas of modesty are an example of broken taboos.

So many of the old taboos as to "vice" and "virtue" in general having become antiquated,

there has been a furious activity in making new laws and regulations without a due recognition of the fact that old taboos can only be replaced by new taboos, and that mere legal enactments to be effective must themselves become taboos printed on the fleshly tablets of the individual citizen's heart.

Many persons who have seen old taboos dissolving in recent years have enthusiastically concluded that all taboos were out of date and that a go-as-you-please policy — a naïve obedience to the crude and uninformed impulse of the moment — was henceforth right and justifiable. As Mr. Aldous Huxley well remarks, the modern reaction against "Victorian" respectability, by taking the cheap form of promiscuity, has too often "exchanged the bad features of the 19th for the bad features of the 18th century;" it has bartered, he points out, the puritanical repression of sex for another form just as full of hatred and contempt as the puritanic, but effected by the "deadening influence of promiscuous indulgences."

Life must always be a discipline; it is so dangerous that only by submitting to some sort of discipline can we become equipped to live in any true sense at all. The disappearance of the discipline of the old external taboos thus imposes upon us, inescapably, the creation of a new self-discipline of internal and personal taboos. If we are not responsible to an outside order which we no longer regard as valid, then we are responsible before the inner tribunal of self which cannot but be valid for us so long as we are alive.

That really is the task for all who are young today. And so far from it being an easy and pleasant task, as some may at first have thought when they saw the old taboos melting away, it involves difficulties which their grandparents never knew. If it means the making of new and personal taboos it involves a slow self-development and self-responsibility, which is not only in itself a continual discipline but runs the risk of conflict with others engaged in the same task and with the same sincerity.

So if the people of the older generation now leaving the world are often shocked to see swept away the old rigid taboos they were brought up in they may leave it in peace. Life, after all, may not have been so hard for them as it will be for the present younger generation. None the less that younger generation, also, may continue to carry its burden lightly, on youthful shoulders, joyfully creating a new world.

Do War Books Help Peace?

Condensed from the New York Herald Tribune (January 19, '30)

Salvador de Madariaga

Lecturer; author; Chief of the Disarmament Section of the League of Nations

"TELL me what you read and I will tell you who you are." This proverb does not exist, but it might be adopted for the benefit of the numerous pacifists, critics and other publicists who have hailed the present fashion for war novels and plays as a sign of war weariness and peace wisdom.

Herr Remarque's novel and Mr. Sherriff's play have had a huge success. This success has set publishers and theatrical managers in a fever and every week sees the launching of a new war book on the glutted market. Advocates of world peace rub their hands and say: "Good! The world is unmasking war. All these books and plays are going to disgust the peoples of the earth with the most cruel and dismal of sports." And while "patriotic" newspapers endeavor to react and publish cheerful accounts of wit and gayety in the trenches, enthusiastic anti-war observers propose that Herr Remarque be awarded the Peace Prize and Mr. Sherriff's manuscript is sold at auction for the benefit of the League of Nations Union.

Well! Well! I remember the days when an American woman acquired fame and wealth by the huge success of a book with this smiling and humorous title: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." It was translated into all languages, one found copies of it in the bookstalls of all the stations of the world. But I never heard anyone argue that her success proved that the world was thoroughly tired of "blondes," whether genuine or dyed, and that it meant a return to the sanctity of marriage bonds and the tepid virtues of the home hearth. Miss Anita Loos was offered no *Prix de Vertu* by the Académie Française; not one bishop lifted a finger to bless her ethical efforts; Rome failed to detect a budding saint in her. And I am still to hear that the photographs which one may purchase in Paris from the discreet peddler is proof of the eagerness with which the Gallic nation abhors all stories, jokes and pictures connected with the survival of the species.

This melancholy reflection should make us cautious in judging the effect of war books. The good faith and honesty of their authors are too obvious to be upheld here. The men who

turn their war experiences into literature are obeying first — and for the most part, only — a personal need of self-expression and of "riddance." They have something on their chests. They get rid of it and feel relieved. Others, thinking in terms of the community, add to this motive a desire to impress their fellow men with the horrors of war. Thus there are many authors who genuinely believe that in writing up the horrors of war they are writing down war and working for peace.

But who ever saw people rushing to swallow nasty, if health-giving, medicine? Who forces the millions of readers of war books to plunge into the unpleasant, heart-rending, sordid narratives which are going to purge them of their warlike tendencies? By what noble self-denial, by what springs of lofty virtue are these crowds made to undergo the hours of repulsive reading so that war may be abjured in their hearts? Let us brush aside this absurdity. The essence of all art is enjoyment, however subtle or inverted, however morbid, even. People do not read what they do not enjoy reading. *The success of war books is due to the fact that people like them.* This ridiculous truism becomes a startling discovery, as one's own door is likely to be after an hour of vain endeavors to go home in a black fog. It reveals, moreover, an appalling truth: *War books are a success because people like war.*

War books are in fact war propaganda, no matter how ugly they make war. There is such a thing as the fascination of ugliness. Often our eyes will come back again and again, not to the most beautiful, but the most overwhelmingly ugly person in a room. And so with war and horrors. There was a time during the golden century of Spanish literature when the Picaresque Novel produced by Spain was read and imitated by the whole of Europe. The picaresque heroes were the true antithesis of the heroes of chivalry. They knew no law but that of expediency and went straight to their aims without troubling about loyalty or virtue. This kind of literature was produced under the Inquisition, as war books nowadays are produced under a peace-philosophy. But the Inquisition was placated by homilies in which the author earnestly begged the reader to behold the dangers and ugliness of vice as depicted in this book. This excuse was half-believed by most authors, and wholly and sincerely held by some of them. And yet who would claim that "Lazarillo" or "Guzman" ever converted anyone to the path of virtue?

So with war books. It is difficult to know what are the exact

feelings of the numberless readers of Herr Remarque but I find it still more difficult to believe that the thought of war is unbearable to them. It seems more natural to explain such successes as due to the fascination of horror, not only in itself, but as an escape from the drab monotony of eventless lives. Pacifist enthusiasm is therefore wasted on war books. War is not to be cured by making people dwell on the horror of it, but by turning their minds away from it altogether.

Furthermore, war books work on the emotions in which the roots of war find food, instead of appealing to the constructive reason, where war dries up. From this angle, the real peace agent to be substituted for war books is some constructive thinking on the organization of life among men and nations. We do not want war books; not even books about how to disarm or how to make peace and insure its continuation. We want books on how to live together in a constructive, healthy and coöperative way. The minds of men and nations must turn away from disarmament (i. e., from arms) and from peace (i. e., from war). They must turn to wisdom, life, mirth, good companionship, creative activity. A book on jazz, if it be well conceived and well written, does more for peace than a book on "peace."

War books are to be deplored because they fill up the place of better stimulants. It is true that better stimulants are, unfortunately, rare. Who will find them in the dreariness of photographic novel writing or in the millions of tons of paper devoted to dull and accurate description of the tepidly interesting lives of ordinary people? Surfeited by reading about their own dullness, people seek extraordinary tales. And war is extraordinary enough. But if only literature left the ways of drab sense and accurate observation — if it created and imagined and gamboled out of the common, yet putting enough life into its creations to captivate its readers, if it produced such things as "Don Quixote" and "King Lear" and "Amadis de Gaul" and "Robinson Crusoe" reincarnated in modern garb, people would not have to drink the hot stuff of trench literature to keep going.

And then, who cannot see that war books are still the war served cold, rehashed, made into pies, fried with spices, but always the war? No; if there are critics who can defend them, let us hear their case. But let no one put forward the plea that war books are a contribution to peace. War is always war. Even in books.

Chemistry Makes History

Condensed from The Century Quarterly (Winter, 1930)

Edwin E. Slosson
Author of "Creative Chemistry"

IN the story of the ancient Phenician cities of Tyre and Sidon, we have an interesting illustration of the overwhelming part which chemistry has played in history from the earliest times. The commercial supremacy of these cities was founded on chemical discoveries which, according to legend, came about in this wise.

Once upon a time Hercules was courting a nymph. Tyrus was her name, and as she walked along the Syrian shore Hercules followed her, and his dog followed him. As he was in the midst of an impassioned plea, she suddenly interrupted him by saying, "Oh, just look at that dog!" Hercules, annoyed, looked around and saw that the dog's mouth was dripping with purple saliva. He had been biting shellfish on the beach. And then the capricious nymph took such a liking to the purple that she told Hercules that she would have him only if he gave her a dress dyed with that lovely color. Hercules was not the man to be bluffed by a dare. So he set to work and those familiar with dye chemistry will realize that it was one of the hardest labors of Hercules.

Each mollusk contained only a few drops of the purple secretion; the tiny sacs had to be picked out, macerated with salt for three days in a lead vessel, then simmered and skimmed. It took 8000 pounds of the pulp to fill a 500-pound dye vat. Then to get a mordant, seaweed had to be gathered and burned to ashes. But Hercules succeeded in dyeing a robe in royal purple to the satisfaction of his lady, and presumably they were married and lived happily ever after. At any rate a city was founded there which lived by the industry and took from her its name, Tyre.

The story of Sidon begins with a Phenician galley which was skirting the coast with a cargo of natrium — that is, natural carbonate of soda. They put ashore to cook dinner, and used some of their natrium blocks to rest their pots on. The fire was hot, and when it cooled they found that the sand and soda had fused to form a new and pretty substance, glass. These Phenician merchants, knowing

that beads of this glass would readily pass as currency with savages such as the British, from whom they got tin to make bronze, founded the city of Sidon on this chemical industry.

Thus Tyre and Sidon, the richest cities of their time, were built up on two great chemical industries, metallurgy and dyeing.

Venice later rose to prosperity through the chemical processes of curing fish with salt, and making glass. And the rise of the British Isles as a sea power began in 1424 when the herring, which up till then had shoaled in the Baltic, suddenly shifted to the North Sea because of some slight change in the chemical content of the Baltic sea water. Incidentally, the question of the freedom of the seas first arose at that time because the English felt that the Dutch should not be allowed to fish for herring in the North Sea.

Historians record the rise and fall of races in terms of moral, financial, agricultural, political or social causes. More fundamentally they could trace many of these causes to chemistry. The climatic theory of history, for example, that attributes the activities of a people to the effects of atmospheric conditions, should be carried a step further by relating atmospheric conditions to the chemistry of the human body. Already some of these bodily chemicals which affect the nature of individuals have been caught by the chemist. There are adrenalin and thyroxin, the secretion of the thyroid gland, which seem to resemble what the man on the street calls "pep." A strenuous thyroid might make a man a national hero; an overactive thyroid might cause him to quarrel with his friends.

Diabetic patients taking insulin tell me that an overdose causes a formless fear, a shiver of anxiety. Their courage can be at once restored by sucking a lollypop. A variation of a few hundredths of one percent in the glucose of the blood at a critical moment may make the difference between a coward and a hero. Courage is not a matter of "sand" but sugar.

Again, there is a drug known to chemists which is so potent that a single dose of it may within a few minutes incite a peaceable man to attack his best friend and beat his wife, or cause him to weep on the shoulder of his worst enemy. On account of its powerful and incalculable effect in exciting the emotions and weakening the will the manufacture of this drug, ethyl hydroxide, is prohibited in this country.

Love and hunger are based on definite chemical reactions. By chemical means affection can be stimulated or transformed into indifference. By a change of diet

a colony of rats may be turned at will into militants or pacifists. The consumption of a few hundred calories of common food may altogether alter a man's attitude toward the universe.

Scents, savors and colors sway our emotions, and emotions move the world. When the mother advises her daughter that "The way to a man's heart is through his stomach," when the florist advertises, "Say it with flowers," when the confectioner suggests, "Take a box of candy with you," they are recommending chemical courtship. You can say it with polysaccharides and coal-tar compounds, and it will work.

The European branch of the white race controls almost the whole world. Virtually, there are only four countries not under their control: China, which is too populous, Japan, which is too warlike, and Abyssinia and Turkey, which subsist by sufferance. This unparalleled power is due to two factors; one, internal and the other external. The first is native ability, and the second is the application in war, commerce and industry of the law of gases, particularly Gay-Lussac's law, that the pressure of a gas varies with the absolute temperature.

It is the expansive force of gases released at high temperature from gunpowder that has enabled these peoples to become irresistible in warfare. It is the expansive power of steam that has given us steam-driven machines. It is the expansive power of water and carbon dioxide that has given us the internal-combustion engine, the automobile and the airplane. The expansion of gases is, therefore, the principal physical factor in the world-wide expansion of north European races. These expansive gases have been produced from fossil fuel, coal and oil, which are limited in amount.

Suppose, then, this race should be deprived of this external power. Would the internal and psychical factor suffice to maintain our present supremacy? This question will soon be put to the proof. The supply of petroleum will largely disappear within a century. The supply of coal is also limited, and Asia has three times as much coal as Europe.

The source of energy which will support the civilization of the future is problematical. If we should come to rely on water power, the richest continents would be Asia, Africa and South America. If we should devise a means of utilizing solar energy where it is least impeded by clouds and rain, the sources of wealth would be the great deserts of Africa, Asia, South America and Central Australia. That is to say, as far as we can foresee the future, the possession of power will gradually pass to the black and yellow races.

Coastguarding the Detroit River

Condensed from Plain Talk (February, '30)

Ex-Boatswain Walter S. Casey

LAST spring I was ordered to report to Commander Martin V. Rasmussen at Buffalo, and by him was assigned to take over the 236, one of the standard 75-foot patrol boats. When I went aboard the crew informed me that the Coast Guard was not fussy about stopping rummies, and later an officer told me the same thing. "All you have to do," he said, "is burn up gas and then stand by each month for your pay."

The 236 was the first Coast Guard patrol boat to operate in the Detroit River. The customs patrol men were supposed to look after it, but they were almost all green men, and were handicapped by a hard and fast rule that they were not to use their guns unless fired upon.

The 236 had been in these waters just one hour when five "luggers" — large skiffs powered with outboard motors — were sighted putting out from the Canadian shore. Through the binoculars we could see burlap sacks full of liquor. But before this flotilla reached the boundary line in mid-channel the 236 appeared, and they put back to shore to await darkness.

When it was dark two of my men, Goebel and "Red" Pickering, went over the side in the pulling boat with orders to stand watch at Slab Island, in American waters, and if firearms were necessary, to shoot into the beach. They shoved off and it was not long before I heard three shots. The puttering of an outboard motor suddenly stopped, but we heard the roar of a speedboat's engine. A few minutes later Goebel and "Red" showed up with a skiff loaded with 185 cases of beer and a prisoner, a lad of 19 years.

"The kid was easy," said Goebel. "He was trying to get away from the speedboat. When we got him the speedboat circled close, and the wash almost swamped the skiff. Then they came like hell right for the skiff. 'Red' yelled to them, and when they held for the skiff he let go with his .45. The speedboat then veered off.

"We nabbed the kid and the beer. He wanted to know whether we were hijackers or agents, and was damn glad to learn that the Coast Guard had got him and not the hijackers in the black speedboat."

The second night on the river Goebel and "Red" made another catch. A "monkey" named Walker, who was whipping a skiff-load of 150 cases of beer across, had to be tapped on the head before he submitted to arrest. The lad of the previous night was small potatoes compared to Mr. Walker. He had a notebook showing the amounts he had received from the head man or "gorilla" of the outfit. The accounts also showed that Mr. Walker, as a sideline, supplied a select Detroit clientele with better grades of liquor than those run by the gang.

We were soon assigned to the section of the river between Ecorse and Wyandotte. That riverfront is not a pleasant place. For several blocks, houses built eave-to-eave back up on the water. From the street side they appear to be dwellings and stores. In the rear of each house, however, there is a boat-well in which the speedboats and skiffs of the rum fleet are docked. By lowering the door of the boat-well a rummy is protected by a legal barrier which defies anything but a search warrant.

Ecorse is the domain of the Purple Gang, a subsidiary of the Chicago outfit. Its "gorilla" is George Cordell. There are other gangs which operate along here, and the river as a whole serves as a channel not only for tremendous liquor smuggling operations but also for an extensive traffic in dope and aliens. The smuggling of women to supply resorts in the mining and lumber camps of the northwest is particularly lucrative.

Canadian smugglers make a good thing out of the alien racket. Some of the aliens are not even landed in the United States. A fee is collected from them on the Canadian beach (often as much as $500 for a Chinaman), and then they are taken over to Grosse Île. Here the smugglers direct them to the bridge which leads to the American mainland, and themselves depart for Canada. When the aliens reach the bridge they are picked up by the Immigration Service and deported.

The 236 was continuing to capture rummies with a good deal of regularity when I received orders to report to Rasmussen at the Base at Buffalo. He seemed to be not at all pleased by the way things were going, but I was allowed to return to the Detroit River. Immediately upon our return we sighted a big gray lugger that we had run in a few days before. They refused to stop at our whistle, and we let go a couple of blank cartridges in the one-pounder. That night the newspapers gave us a front-page razzing for firing directly at the shoreline where hundreds of in-

nocent people were. This seemed a trifle rough on us, inasmuch as we had used blanks. Furthermore, there were no innocent people living in that section of Ecorse.

As we continued to make captures our relations with the rummies became curious. One morning when the 236 was tied up at the foot of Elm street, Herman Richards, reputed to be a "big shot" in the Purple Gang, drove down to the dock. Richards called to Goebel, the only man top-sides, and asked to see me. Goebel told him I was not in the habit of talking with strangers, and Richards then talked to Goebel. He said he had been in the army and was pretty good with an MG (machine gun). He said he had an MG in Ecorse, and that if Casey and the 236 remained in the river he would use it.

Goebel gave him as good as he sent. He told Richards that I had remarked that if any of the Ecorse gang got fresh I'd put a line on their boats and boat-wells and tow "the whole damned business up the river."

Two hours after that, when I was alone in the pilot house, a stranger called to me from the dock. He said he was "Jimmy Schuppe of Chicago." He didn't beat about the bush. "Well, Casey," he said, "I want you to do a job for us. It'll only take two days, and you'll get 15 grand. Another gang's hijacked us out of a brewery up north, and we're gonna take it back again; see?"

It was obvious no such job could be worth $15,000.

"What have I got to do with it?" I said.

"Just take that machine gun and come along. That will scare the other guys out; see?"

"While this flattering offer was being made I kept my eyes on Mr. Schuppe's automobile, parked in the shadows, in which sat three men. I was careful to remain inside the pilot house with the radio cabinet between myself and the car. I had no intention of being "put on the spot."

Mr. Schuppe finally left, followed by my advice to get out of the Detroit River before he became a nuisance.

Several days followed in which we were kept busy boarding boats. The newspapers were full of our activities, and liquor prices in Detroit had gone up.

It was at this time that the rummies tried to make a "connection." It began when Cordell started sending 50-cent cigars wrapped in foil aboard the 236 for the crew. A small boy would come to the dock with them and say, "Mr. Cordell sent them." I always opened the packages in the presence of the crew to show that there were no bills inside.

One evening Cordell circled the 236 in a powerboat until he was hailed and boarded. That was what he wanted.

"You're trying to make a record, aren't you?" he asked me.

"Sure," I replied.

"I'll be willing to help you," the gorilla declared generously.

"How?"

"Well, I'll give you two seizures every night," Cordell said. "You get the boats, but you don't get the men. See? You take the beer, and I'll take the whisky."

Cordell made other attempts at "connections." Once he offered me a Packard roadster. Another time a $75 dress, mysteriously paid for, was delivered to my wife from a store. It went back. Perhaps Cordell got it.

The days passed and the 236 got low on supplies. Because of Government "red tape" we had to run more than 100 miles to our base for new supplies. Not wishing to leave the area uncovered I arranged for a picket boat to patrol the upper end of the area, while I patroled the shore in my automobile.

A few minutes before midnight I came upon three men near a creek where a lugger had just put in. They stopped in their tracks. Then, seeing the white top on my cap, two of them broke into a run. The third stood his ground until I was within ten feet of him and then ran. I called him to stop or I would shoot. He turned abruptly and fired. The bullet ripped through the flesh of my left arm. I shot at him and he stumbled and then ran again. I saw him rejoin his comrades.

Returning to the Customs base, I learned that my picket boat had knocked off a load of liquor off Point Hennepin just about the time I was having my party.

It was just after this affair that Commander Rasmussen summoned me before him. During an abusive reprimand he accused me of being off my patrol area, and said the area had been left uncovered while the 236 was on its trip for supplies.

Pointing out to him that I had been shot in my own area during the time he alleged it had been uncovered, and that the picket boat had seized a rummy on the same night, failed to impress him.

I went to Buffalo very much disheartened. While packing my gear on board the boat George Cordell came down to see me. He said, "You are the squarest guy the government ever put in this river. But you raised so much hell we had to get rid of you. It cost us five grand to get you out, but you're gone."

Discontent

Condensed from Harper's Bazaar (February, '30)

Hildegarde Hawthorne

WE sat, my friend and I, at a table in the *terrasse* of the Café de la Paix. Suddenly my friend remarked, "There come two American women."

"Why so sure?" I retorted.

"They have the American woman's mouth. That mouth is a dead give-away."

They came closer, talking. Yes, they were Americans. But what did my friend mean about the mouth? I noticed that these women had a slightly discontented expression. The corners of their mouths drooped. It gave them the appearance of fault-finding, of dissatisfaction.

"There's only one woman who goes about with that expression," asserted my companion, "the American woman. Usually the rich woman, who has only to ask to be given. The woman guarded from every rough contact, every anxiety. There's how she looks! Discontented, envious possibly, but envious of nothing definite. You'll find plenty of unhappy faces among women of other races, plenty of sullen, rebellious faces, but you won't see that face."

I pondered. Why was this so?

"Too much for nothing," declared my friend. "No vital interest. No need for any sacrifice of self. No inner companionship with their men, to be found only in work together. Without understanding it, these women feel cheated. They haven't grasped the fundamental fact that what they want isn't to be given something, but to give. They want to be asked for something worth while."

Asked for something. Isn't that, really, what we all want above any other desire? Something that demands our effort, our courage, our sympathy. Something that uses all of our being. It isn't "having everything" that can content us. For it is the hands denied the right to give that remain empty.

Emptiness is abhorred both by nature and the spirit. It cannot be cured by gifts; only by giving. "It is more blessed to give than to receive," is not a rhetorical sentence. It is the sober truth.

The Battle at the Pumps

Condensed from Collier's Weekly (February 1, '30)

John T. Flynn

THERE are about 25,000,000 motor cars in this country. Each of them uses about 560 gallons of gasoline every year. The oil business is a world of incessant war, but nowhere is the battle marked by such ceaseless, ruthless, savage competition as that which rages around the filling stations — the Battle of the Pumps.

And this is the business which old John D. Rockefeller set out 60 years ago to make into a world monopoly. He very nearly succeeded. Back in 1909 the Standard Oil made 85 out of every 100 gallons of oil products sold in this country. But in 1928 the various Standard Oil companies turned out but 31 percent of the gasoline, while their powerful rivals handled 69 percent.

Many of us have wrong ideas about the Standard Oil Company. We see its pumps everywhere and hear of it fighting battles in England and Russia and India. We picture it as a single company, operating under a score of names, but ruled by a small group of master minds at 26 Broadway, New York, in some mysterious way under the dominion of old John D., acting through his son. It's a perfectly grand story. But it isn't so.

When the Standard Oil Company was dissolved by the Supreme Court in 1911, there were 33 separate corporations all owned by the Standard of New Jersey. After the dissolution each company became a separate corporation. Of course they had the same stockholders. The old managers remained. They were friends, and continued to act as friends. Under the old order, of course, each company had its special region to operate in. The Standard of New York worked in New York and New England. The New Jersey company had New Jersey, Maryland, and several southern states. Pennsylvania and Delaware were served by the Atlantic Refining Company. And so on for other states.

For a dozen years after the dissolution these companies continued to operate in their allotted regions and to respect each other's reservations. But meantime old leaders were passing out of the picture. New men took the reins. New conditions arose. Then suddenly one day the news ran through 26 Broadway that the Atlantic Refining Company had

opened a string of filling stations in New England. Here was one Standard Oil company entering the preserves of another. Before amazement and grief had abated at 26 Broadway, another Standard Oil unit appeared in New York harbor — Standard of Indiana under the command of Colonel Robert Stewart, come to get a share of New York's fuel-oil business. A little later the same concern invaded New Jersey's territory.

The old lines of the great Standard Oil confederacy have been almost obliterated. Teagle is head of the New Jersey Standard. Meyer heads the New York company. They both have offices at 26 Broadway. But actually they are far apart. Only recently the New Jersey company looked hungrily at the rich territory of the New York company. Now you will see stations all over New England selling Colonial gasoline. It is sold by the Beacon Oil Company, which is a subsidiary of the Standard of New Jersey operating in New York's territory.

Thus we see that these many Standard Oil corporations are wholly independent and competing concerns. It was inevitable that these strong companies should seek larger territories than they had when faced by such competitors as the Texas Company and the Sinclair, each of which had the whole United States as its field.

The extent of the filling station business is amazing. There are 317,000 of these retail outlets in this country. If all our roads were arranged end to end and wrapped around and around the world, the gas stations would be found just a trifle over a mile apart.

Up to the present, anybody has been able to get into the gasoline business. So eager have the big companies been to get new outlets that they would supply to almost anyone who would use them pumps, underground tanks, air compressors, lubricating lifts and all the rest. But now there are too many stations. Great numbers of them do not pay. And so the companies have agreed to adopt a Code of Practice which declares that the practice of lending equipment is unsound and should be gradually discontinued. This will reduce the number of smaller stations.

But the war for gallons goes merrily on. It has been particularly fierce in certain sections of the country — Oklahoma, Minneapolis and Saint Paul, and California. Gasoline, in some places, slid down to 12 cents a gallon.

Now we see another movement — toward super-stations. The super-station will not only take care of your car completely. It will even put your car up for the night and you along with it, giving you a bath and your meals! Such a station has been erected

in Chicago by the Cord Tire Company. It employs 160 men and cost $1,000,000. The Sinclair Company has built six "greasing palaces" in Chicago costing $250,000 each.

Harvey Firestone is now working out a plan for a great chain of stations which will sell you gas, tires, and batteries. Other concerns have similar plans. Behind this development lie the seeds of another fight. Who will control the stations? Will the tire people take them over? Can they?

Then there is another phase of the war. There is the Shell Oil Company.

One of the most imposing figures in the whole drama of oil is Sir Henry Deterding, ruler of the Royal Dutch-Shell combination. More than once he has challenged the power of Standard Oil. Only two years ago Deterding locked horns with the Standard of New York over the Russian oil question. The New York Standard bought oil from the Soviets and sold it in India. Deterding, having acquired the claims of the ejected Russian nobles to this oil, and at war with the Soviets about it, called it "stolen oil." To punish the Standard for buying it he went into India and began to undersell the Standard.

A bitter war ensued for the capture of the Indian markets and the possession of Russian oil. This was the Standard of New York, mind you. The head of the New Jersey Standard, Teagle, is a friend of Deterding's. They hunt grouse together at Sir Henry's castle in Scotland. And when Standard of New York and Deterding came to grips in India, Teagle turned up on the side of the great Dutch-English mogul.

And now Deterding is here in America and looms as a formidable factor in the American situation. The Shell Company has been acquiring vast producing, refining and marketing machinery in this country. It controls, perhaps, more gasoline pumps in America than any other single concern. Last August it bought, for several million dollars, the Western Oil Refining Company of Indianapolis, a very large independent, which is to be the nucleus of Shell's organization in Indiana. This is the old stamping ground of Colonel Stewart, former president of the Standard of Indiana, who was ousted because of the oil scandals. This very year Colonel Stewart sailed away to London to enroll, it was said, under the banner of Shell. Is the purchase of the Western the first stage of the Colonel's new alliance?

The evolution of the oil industry seems to be in the direction of a dozen or so giants ranged against each other in relentless competition.

After that, what?

The Car Mind

Condensed from The Fortnightly Review (September, '29)

G. R. Stirling Taylor

THE highway authorities of all kinds, from policemen on point duty to the Home Secretary, are becoming seriously concerned about the problem of the motor car. There is every reason for their anxiety; for it seems possible that if any more cars are put on the road none of them will be able to move — unless the skill of the police may extricate the ambulance vans that carry away the dead and the dying. Street accidents are rapidly increasing; and it may soon be as adventurous to take a walk as to go tiger shooting. But the real problem of the car is the effect of its excessive use on the survivors.

The new petrol-driven transport vehicle has not yet found its balanced place in the social system. It is being used in the same reckless, unbalanced way that charwomen used gin in the 18th century, and as over-excited neurotics use cocaine today. The motor car is the most fashionable modern drug for restless nerves. Instead of playing early-Victorian croquet on our lawn we now motor a score of miles to play golf in the next county. Instead of strolling in the park on Sunday afternoons we go down to the South Coast for lunch. All these new possibilities may have many advantages. But the point to note is that the price that we must pay for them is a very great consumption of time in traveling to find them. Still worse, a large number of persons are making the process of traveling an end in itself. The mere sensation of movement seems to satisfy many owners of cars. Lunch at a Brighton hotel is not in itself so much better than any other lunch as to recompense traveling 120 miles from London and back to procure it.

Instead of increasing the possibilities of life by extending its range it is probable that the motor car has done the exact opposite. By rushing over a hundred miles of road in a car, instead of more quietly covering ten on foot, one does not see ten times as much. On the contrary one probably sees one-tenth. It is only the cruder minds that measure the worth of the world by the number of mile-posts, as it is only the sodden souls that measure the use of wine by the quart. One of the most serious diseases of the "car-mind" is that it tends to measure the success of a day by its mileage.

It is necessary to realize that the motor car is precisely on the same footing as electricity and gas, chloroform, drugs and all the other powerful forces which science has placed in our hands. The roads are maintained at public expense that they can be used for rational purposes. You may use your own car as you please, but it must never endanger the reasonable safety of every other user of the road, from excessive speed, unnecessary noise or dust. In concrete practice these legal principles would, roughly, forbid more than 20 miles an hour or any hooting after normal bedtime.

But the most important duty the motorist has to consider is that which he owes to himself. If the motor is to develop on its present lines as the chief hobby of mankind then life will cease to be an affair of the intellect, though it may end by having solved the problem of perpetual motion. Man will always be moving, and rarely doing anything except oiling his wheels and cranks. It has not come to that yet; men still get out of their cars to play on golf links, and there is still the happy possibility that they may look at the surrounding countryside while a tire is being repaired. But these imperfections of machinery and inclination for physical exercise will not long resist the drug movement; and the ideal man of the engineering future will have a non-stop life on the road. The wit who recently discovered that the Englishman's home is his garage aimed his shaft at too stationary a target. The active minds of today now live in each other's dust. This is a dangerous reversal of social traditions. A man of dignity needs a permanent address. If motoring is not to become a national debauchery, in which speed and distance will take the place of the older and more cultured pursuits of wine, women, and song, then the owner of a car must deliberately restrain himself and sternly refuse to use his own time and the public road in traveling without rational excuse.

In the ideal world the policemen on point duty will all be scientists and philosophers of the highest academic distinction. When motorists have become ladies and gentlemen, and not road-hogs, there will, of course, be little necessity for regulating the traffic in the ordinary sense. So when the philosopher on point duty holds up his arresting arm it will be in order that he may ask a profound question: "Have you, sir or madam, any sufficient reason for traveling in your car? If not, my orders are to arrest you as a public nuisance."

Of course there are scores and hundreds of good and sufficient answers that will allow the traveler to pass on his way. It will

even be enough to say that the ride is for the simplest relaxation as one smokes a pipe or plays patience without any subsequent intention whatsoever. But the motorist will severely tell himself that this form of relaxation — unlike the pipe or the patience — is a more definite infringement of the rights and pleasures and conveniences of his neighbor, and, therefore, must not be indulged in except with the strictest restraint. There are many better reasons which the motor traveler will be able to give for his excursion. It is clear that if motoring is to become a civilizing factor, and not a universal nuisance, it must be linked up with some form of mental activity in which its great powers of transport will be an advantage. For example, the student of geology might make his journeys into most engaging scientific adventures. There is a sound case for the car owner who uses his car, not as in a point to point race at top speed, but rather in a sober survey of the countryside; as, for example, a botanist, an ornithologist, an artist. To prefer a student of some science or art to a follower of foxhounds or a road-hog is not highbrow affectation. It is merely the dislike of being bored.

On the simple ground of health, excessive motoring is obviously an anti-social pastime. It seems an appalling pity if we rescue civilized people from slums and insanitary workshops and factories only to allow them, without protest, to waste their bodily tissues by reclining on motor cushions. The self-starter has taken away the only hope that a car owner will get any exercise out of his own new toy.

By recent legislation in both Italy and Spain motorists are being taught the elementary rules of gentlemanly behavior by the penalty of long years of imprisonment — up to 20 — for an accident which would not have happened if they had driven more reasonably. It is said that motorists in Madrid now raise their hats to pedestrians with an "After you, sir." When the motorist also murmurs "After you" to the laws of a well-balanced intellect, then the car will have begun to be the servant of civilization instead of a danger as terrible as the Black Death. It is not the dead and maimed victims of the motor traffic that matter most; the chief tragedies of the Transport Age are the empty-headed creatures who are spending such a great proportion of their lives in rushing about — doing nothing.

Hoover Versus the Economics of Despair

Condensed from The Review of Reviews (January, '30)

William Trufant Foster and Waddill Catchings

Noted writers on economics; co-authors of "The Road to Plenty"

FOR the first time in history, a President of the United States is guiding private business through a crisis. This action will probably yield at least a billion dollars of wealth which otherwise would not have been created. And it will save a million families, within the next few months, from the tragedy of unemployment.

Yet the ultimate significance of the President's action is even more important. For this is the first time that the forces of any nation have been marshaled against the Economics of Despair. Hitherto it has been assumed that periodic major depressions in business were inevitable. When millions of jobless men and women have tramped the streets, statesmen and employers have merely shrugged their shoulders and said: "Too bad, but it can't be helped." Never have the leaders of the nation's business, public and private, undertaken adequate measures for sustaining the nation's payroll. The new economics is being put to a gigantic test. And all other countries are watching with intense interest. For the economic foundations of Mr. Hoover's program are as sound for any other nation as they are for the United States.

For this unprecedented action, strange as it may seem, we hear scarcely anything but praise. What has become of those who used to cry out against government interference with business? The fact is, we have seen a new light. We see that collective leadership is indispensable; and that at certain times, like the present, no leadership less powerful than the federal government is equal to the job.

In the past, when a depression threatened, each business concern curtailed orders, reduced payrolls, postponed expansion of plant, and paid off bank loans — in short, did precisely what would help to bring on the depression. The new policy renders the present emergency unlike any other. Concerted action, under the President's leadership, makes it in the interest of individuals to do precisely what is good for business as a whole. It is, many people think, "the finest piece of constructive leadership in our generation."

Why have we had to wait so long for such statesmanship? We have always had business de-

pressions. Nine years ago wages were allowed to fall off over seven billion dollars in a single year while nothing was done.

The difference between the attitude of business then and now is shown by a single fact: Nine years ago, when trade began to fall off, employers cried loudly for reduced wages. At this time, almost without exception, they insist that the wage level be maintained.

Why did we fail nine years ago? Why are we succeeding today? Largely for two reasons: First, because coördination requires leadership; second, because even the competent leader is helpless without intelligent followers.

Now, for the first time in history, we have a President who, by his unique training in economics, is qualified for business leadership. And for the first time in history the heads of our largest businesses are ready to follow such leadership. Long before they were called to Washington, they understood the President's program. That did not happen by chance. For several years the President and others had been preparing these men for precisely what has just taken place. When the emergency came, it was not necessary for the President to sit down and explain the why and wherefore of his plan, and wait several months for the idea to sink in. State Governors had also been fully informed in all states.

When the stock market crashed and depression threatened, the President acted promptly to stimulate construction activities throughout the country, thus sustaining payrolls, employment, and consumer buying. This action, coupled with the reduction of interest rates and income taxes, showed that the President meant what he had been saying.

Yet some opposed the program. "The theory is unsound," says a current editorial. "The only reason why you should build new buildings is because it will pay to build them. Building them before they are needed is as unsound as piling up goods, hoping to sell them by and by."

As a matter of fact, Mr. Hoover has never proposed that any construction be undertaken before it is needed. "Prudent" is one of his favorite words. At present he is urging the Treasury Department and the states and cities to hasten the construction of public buildings which were declared necessary long before the stock market crash. If it was good business to provide for these buildings when business was especially active, it is better business to do it now, when labor and materials are more plentiful. It will pay.

Boston, for example, has needed a new post-office for 20

years. Shall we let the preliminary planning drag along as usual, while several thousand men stand in the cold begging for a chance for work? Or shall we break down the obstructions and provide jobs when jobs are most needed? That is the question. The President's actions have been humanitarian, but they need not be defended on those grounds. A man might be as heartless as Scrooge and yet approve of the President's program. It is good business. It will pay.

But how, it is asked, can a horde of idle Pennsylvania coal-miners be moved to Colorado to build a dam?

No such migration of labor is necessary. The President's plan calls for increased expenditures in *every* state.

Even so the question arises: How can the construction activities which the President proposes provide jobs for everyone? Not all men and women can put up steel structures, pour cement, or even dig ditches.

True. But it is also true that the expansion of construction adds to the demand for steel, cement, glass, lumber, architects' plans, and all the rest. For that reason, not all the money spent on local jobs goes into local pay envelopes. It is impossible, for instance, to spend $165,000,000 on the Boulder Dam without stimulating business in nearly every state.

Moreover, the wages paid out in such a project are promptly spent for shoes, candy, theater tickets, gasoline, ice, and the countless other things that go to make up family budgets. This increases the demand for labor in every industry.

President Hoover and his advisers understand perfectly well that optimism alone will not open up blast furnaces or take men out of the bread lines. Actions must ever speak louder than words, and Henry Ford's action in increasing his annual payroll by $19,000,000 helps more than a thousand sunshine talks. Railroads and public utilities have promised large increases in construction. The government's own program of construction and building of mail-carrying ships will help. Total projects reported to the White House give impressive evidence of sufficient expenditures to check any depression.

This, in turn, gives tens of thousands of business men confidence to go ahead with their own enterprises.

Will all this be enough? In the depths of a depression, it would not be. Under present conditions, however, there is statistical basis for believing that these expenditures will prevent a major depression.

The Psychosis of the Gang

Condensed from The Survey Graphic (February, '30)

William Bolitho

William Bolitho was commissioned by the Survey Graphic to undertake studies on crime in Chicago. This is the first of his series of important articles in The Survey Graphic

CHICAGO — impersonated in the popular imagination by the figure of the Gangster — must be explained as a frontier. In 90 years this city has towered out of the primal mud of a fen and has become, in some of its architectural aspects, one of the glories of civilization. The fanciful pictures of future cities all fall short of the reality that is Chicago built up like a proscenium to the lake. Its streets are swept like a Dutch kitchen. Its people are well dressed, and one has the impression that more of them are in good humor than in the hard-pressed hordes of New York. One feels the exhilaration of life in this very noble and spacious city.

A large part of its population of four and a half million people has come from a myriad European villages all the way from Wales to Lithuania. Special areas are reserved for the newcomers to Chicago, naturally the blackest, most miserable quarters. The two principal slum areas are in an arc round the Loop, and the windy shacks, almost countrified, south of the Stockyards. Here are the spawning grounds of the invasion.

Of course — despite the opinions of good adults — almost all children would vastly prefer the Chicago slums to any gravelled playyards. It is the hackneyed fable of the lapdog and the mongrel. Round the Loop is mystery, shadows and smells, ash-cans, cats prowling, the eternally interesting traffic stream. Near the Stockyards, the grass stands high in waste plots, concealing many a tempting horde of iron and tin. Let us make no sentimental mistake: no model playground ever invented can compare in fascination to the jungles of a neglected building block. And here is one of the difficulties in the problem of the social prophylaxis of the infant gangster. It is hard to provide him with an equivalent for his delightful life. How faded and tame is Boy Scouting beside the raw, pungent material of life of the slums.

Here arises the boy society. Here the boy begins to reconstruct in his games the social history of the world. Among six-year-olds the boy gang appears. The toddler seeks his equals. He wants to belong. He must play something more than solitaire. So he begins

to play games, cops and thieves, tag: to learn and obey laws.

Now this is the place in a gangster's life to find the intimate secrets of his character; for as a general phenomenon he never grows beyond it. Here is where he found his "code": gang loyalty, the stigma on "squeaking"; these he heard about before he was 13. Here he first learned his dogged acquiescence in the institution of theft. The initial theft, in Chicago, is quite usually one of coal, fallen on the track from passing wagons, or at least something taken from an impersonal owner. To this sometimes his parents have sent him.

All crime, in the deepest analysis, is anachronistic behavior. There is always a code. But it is an old-fashioned one. Coal looting in Chicago is simply the old-fashioned "gleaning" of backward, rural Europe. It is the same thing that Ruth did, with the tacit approval of the Almighty. But in Chicago that code is anachronistic.

But in this act the boy undoubtedly, if not long before from his friends, learned the concept of the police as enemy. A rival, powerful, grown-up gang, better organized, but all the more meritoriously to be outwitted. A real gang has to have an enemy. It is a "combat group." The policeman stands in the way of all that the boy prescribes as worthy and delightful. It is the police who break up street games. Crap-shooting, fighting, traveling (without paying), raiding fruit shops — always the blue-coated tribe in the way.

It is not — let me emphasize — that the boys are "lawless." They have laws. But the cops have different ones. From the point of view of the gang, police actions are wrong. Adult gangsters hold that the police and the law are *cruel*. The electric chair, the waiting especially, the cold-bloodedness of this revenge — why, say they, we would not do *that*. Nor fight a thousand to one. Nor lock people away in cells for years.

Gangsters, like boys, distinguish between good and evil, but their words are not "legal" and "illegal." Right is the clan; wrong is the rest of the world. Right is to steal, to dare, to venture, to stand by brethren thick or thin. Wrong is to deal with the enemy, to shrink, also (and this is as far as the gangster will ever go), to steal from a poor or friendly person.

Such is the code of the true man-gangster, learned by him as a boy and carried on into his adult life. Up to puberty the boy has lived in a delightful jungle, repeated the adventures and life of the morning of the world. He has known two chief joys, pursuit and escape. Now life has other plans for him.

Puberty, from the point of view of character, is a sort of narrow gate, through which a boy can rarely scrape without the loss of most, bad and good, that he accumulated before. The guardians of this gate, of course, are the girls. Why, when every slum in Chicago belongs to a gang, do so few of the boys develop into full-fledged gangsters? The proportion is not likely to be more than one in 1000 or more. Far above all artificial reform measures, the answer must be: the natural influence of women. Woman is the chief plotter in the great conspiracy of social stabilization.

Now all adventurous women, from gang-molls to poetesses, have a disorder of the nerves; have no liking for the boy-ideal. To win one of them, the boy has almost always to scrap his old code and learn a new one. The natural woman, who is matter-of-fact almost to stupidity, commonplace in her wishes almost to huckstering, profoundly un-romantic during the whole of her mating time, must detest most of the qualities of the boy, especially the gang-boy. She must hate his destructiveness, of which his noisiness is a part. What could she do with a husband who earned small sums with a maximum of risk, irregularity of hours, and social opprobrium? The gang-boy, when he falls in love, is coerced to work, to quit his friends, and to set out soberly to get some of those shining things behind the plate glass for his wife and children.

In spite of myself, for I dislike criminals, savages and boys, I feel there is a certain pathos in the cure. No wonder some refuse to forget the old life and are left behind — stuck in childhood, growing gangsters. They keep their old ways intact, their schoolboy code of honor-law, their Red Indian casuistry of right and wrong. Their ultimate ideal may still be a Dempsey, but their practical working model is the tough fellow round the corner, Hymie Weiss, or Al Capone. Indian braves, all of them, to the boy-mind of most gangsters. Their economics is still simply to pay with their skin. Their life ambition, gang applause, even to their death scene.

In short, the gangster has come through puberty, still a boy. In his intellect, his ideals, his social ways, he is still a boy. Even the great leaders of the underworld, I was told by men in contact with them, were in business, in their so over-praised organization, in their tactics and foresight, only "ordinary boys." Capone could not make a living with an honest grocery; not one of the greatest of them is up to a moderate standard of business ability.

Checking Crime from Within

Condensed from Nation's Business (January, '30)

William Inglis

"WHAT we want is to get out of the fur-stealing racket and go into manufacturing furs on the level," said Larry to me across the table. We were seated in a quiet resort for knockabout boys. Larry is the chief of the organized fur thieves, and what he told me about that sector of organized crime and the eagerness of his gang to get out of it turned a flood of light on the crime situation — and the possibility of curbing it.

He talked frankly to me because the leader of the Marshall Stillman Movement vouched for me as one to be trusted. That society has helped hundreds out of crime and then kept them out.

"The furs we take" — Larry did not seem to think of it as stealing — "are worth millions, but all we get out of it is a living, and not much of a living at that," he continued. "There are 125 of us in New York City. All any of us gets is ten percent of the value of the goods we turn in to the 'fence.' That means each of us has to grab $30,000 worth of furs every year to make a living. Figure it — 125 men; $3,750,000 a year. We're sick of it.

"Any man gets sick of a game that gives him a bare living and leaves him liable to be pinched and sent up the river any minute. When you've been in the racket a few years you know you're a dead loser, but you can't get out unless you have help. I'm not giving you a lot of applesauce about wanting to be honest. What we're after is a decent living for ourselves and our families, and no more time in the Big House. We'll work our fingers off for that."

There could be no doubt of Larry's sincerity. He turned from me to consult with Alpheus Geer, founder of the Marshall Stillman Movement, about plans for a legitimate fur business. The conference would have seemed fantastic if I had not known of the results already achieved by the Marshall Stillman Movement in its 12 years of activity. Beginning slowly — because people are skeptical about changing gangsters into honest men — the organization has placed about 300 highwaymen, burglars and similar criminals in regular employment.

Since the conversation reported the Marshall Stillman Movement has interested several men who, at this writing, are equipping a

factory and salesroom with which 25 of the late fur thieves will enter a legitimate fur business. They are expert furriers. Their prospects of success are good.

It has been roughly estimated that crime of all kinds costs the people of the United States about ten billions of dollars a year. And just as every kind of business, from international banking to peddling peanuts, is more highly organized than ever before, so is the business of crime more highly organized. For instance, an officer of the National Crime Commission gives this example of the operations of an organized gang.

"An enterprising criminal scout found that throughout a certain state — call it Dakota — there was a wide demand for a certain kind of fabric. He so reported to the central organization in New York. Spies watched the factory in New Jersey that made the fabric, and, when enough of the goods was on hand, raided the place at night. They clubbed three watchmen — had to shoot one. Then they loaded five motor trucks with many thousand yards of fabric, took it out to Dakota, and delivered it to the 'fence,' who sold it at a big profit. No arrests."

"Why no arrests?" I inquired.

"Because the crime was committed in three separate states, and it would have cost any one state more than the value of the stolen goods to run down the gang, find witnesses and bring them great distances to court. It is almost impossible to punish such crimes as this. And loot is almost always sold at a great distance from where it was stolen."

There is a fair chance that the "fence" may soon be driven out of business by new legislation which will make the interstate shipment of loot a federal offense and allow the federal authorities to bring robbers, "fences," and witnesses to one court for trial. This would be a severe blow to organized stealing.

While President Hoover's National Crime Commission is striving to strengthen the law-enforcement mechanism of the nation, the Marshall Stillman Movement abates the conflagration of crime by quenching it from within. One seeks to suppress crime by punishing criminals; the other by making men unwilling to commit crime.

The latter endeavor may sound Utopian, extravagant — but the fact remains that it is working.

Alpheus Geer, a retired silk merchant, discovered the germ of the idea 12 years ago, when he stopped rowdyism in Nutley, New Jersey, by coaxing wild youngsters off the streets into a fine gymnasium. Later he tried the same thing successfully among tough knockabout bunches in New York City.

Geer was a first-class amateur heavyweight boxer, and he taught the lads boxing. They respected him because he never abused them with his superior punching power and especially because he never preached to them. The members were at first youngsters from tenements, on the verge of crime. The gymnasium, with its strenuous competitions, satisfied the love of adventure which might otherwise have led them into conflict with the law.

Friends of Geer saw how much good the gymnasium was doing, and with their aid the enterprise was gradually developed into a club, now established in East 105th Street. The club soon faced a serious problem — how to help comrades of members who were really right guys at heart but who had got into trouble and served prison terms. It was not difficult to prove to these unfortunates that honesty was the best policy; but men with the prison whisper in their speech, wearing the awkward free clothes the state gives released convicts, found it hard to get honest jobs. The Club took in all the right guys it could find room for, trusted them for board and lodging, and helped them get jobs. As soon as possible the board money was paid back, in order that others coming down the river could have the same help. Distinctly the club was neither a charity nor a reform institution. It was simply a bunch of right guys eager to help others go straight.

With $150,000 contributed by Robert Law, Jr., another Marshall Stillman Club was established on the lower East Side. While both clubs functioned chiefly by awakening among lads from the tenements ambition for something better than crime, there were always a few friends coming out of prison, and they were never left to shift for themselves. Frederick J. Groehl, former Assistant District Attorney of New York City — a man familiar with criminals — gave employment to a good many ex-convicts in a leather factory. He was so impressed by the way they worked that he sold the factory to the Marshall Stillman Industries, Inc., for $100,000, which was merely the physical value of it. He charged one dollar for the good will of this successful business.

Of the 86 employes, 60 are convicts. In 1928 they increased the output of the factory to $700,000 a year, as compared with $300,000 for the year before. Not one ex-convict quit his job.

"How do you change gangsters into honest workers?" I asked Alpheus Geer.

"The big thing," he replied, "is that every man wants to help his fellow man. That force is the thing that enables us to draw men away from crime.

"It's simple when you look deep enough into human nature. Everybody wants to be somebody. The vital essence of humanity being good, the surest way for a man to express himself is by doing good. The reaction of such service is always constructive; it is the same spiritual quality that was stressed 2000 years ago. You remember how the doctrine of giving was emphasized — 'Give and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, shaken together and running over —'

"These are the laws of life. We have proved them many times. Organized society has fought a losing battle with crime because it has constantly ignored the great spiritual law of giving. Society has relied on punishment when it should have relied on the strong recreating force for good. Even the organizations that have served the poor and needy have generally forgotten the most vital part — i.e., the chance to help and give to others. Men do not want to be dependent. It stifles them.

"The best way to rehabilitate the criminal is to give him a chance to serve mankind. It is wonderful to see how quickly the knockabout boys grasp the idea. In the underworld they are always helping one another — staking an unfortunate to a meal, to a few dollars, or helping him dodge the 'bulls.'

"We make honesty more profitable and pleasant than dishonesty. I am convinced that, when we get enough Marshall Stillman branches throughout this country, we can persuade so many men to give up crime that we can cut in half the crime bill of America. Every criminal I know who is 18 or older has lost the glamour of crime, knows it does not pay, and is eager to get out of it. You have talked with the leader of the fur thieves. We have convinced plenty of others that crime doesn't pay — and when you convince a husky lad, running free and packing his blackjack and his automatic, that he had better go to work, you've got to win him by real proof, not theories. We've done that often."

Among the 30 directors of the Marshall Stillman Movement are such men as John McEntee Bowman, John N. Willys, Paul Felix Warburg, Robert Law, Jr., and Julius Rosenwald. Business leaders in Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco and Birmingham have invited them to open clubs.

"We hope," said Mr. Geer, "to see a great change within a few years. One-tenth of our criminals seem to have a hopeless bent toward wrong. They should be cared for in asylums. But nine-tenths are as normal as anyone in their responses to good. The vast majority of them will live right if someone will show them how."

The Dentifrice Racket

Condensed from The New Republic (January 15, '30)

Catherine Hackett

Washington newspaper woman, formerly on the staff of the "Christian Science Monitor"

DO your teeth show the need of an isotonic cleansing agent? Are you afflicted with mucin plaques? Or suffering from the pericemental pain of malocclusion? Coming down a few pegs in the scientific lingo of modern dentifrice advertising, are you persuaded that four out of five get pyorrhea, that you have acid mouth, or that your gums need exercising?

Pick up any magazine, read a few tooth paste advertisements, and realize the inadequacy of your college chemistry courses.

Ora-Noid, when dissolved in the saliva or blood, forms a hyper-tonic solution of the salts of sodium, calcium and magnesium, based on the electro-chemical theory of hydrogen ion control.

Those scientific terms might be taken from a Ph.D. thesis; but try it on an expert chemist. He will tell you that it means nothing at all. If you ask him further to analyze a $2 can of Ora-Noid, he will tell you that it consists of a mixture of salt, baking soda, chalk, magnesium, borax and starch, which cost the manufacturer about ten cents.

Ora-Noid is a typical example of the hundreds of products so successfully advertised in scientific jargon that the public spends annually over $60,000,000 for dentifrices. The miles of tooth paste squeezed out each year on millions of tooth brushes which would clean the teeth quite as well unaided, would reach several times around the globe. And a variety of absurd beliefs concerning the physiology and chemistry of the human mouth have been so firmly implanted in the public mind that it would take another Law Enforcement Commission to make a dent in the general and mistaken belief that acid mouth is abnormal and unhealthy, that pathological conditions such as pyorrhea can be treated by dentifrices, and that anyone can have pearly white teeth-which-are-the-envy-of-your-friends.

Such is the power of "scientific" advertising that two statements from the highest authorities which should have put most of the manufacturers out of business have caused not the least concern to "the trade." Says the American Medical Association, "dentifrice has in itself no magical or chemical power to clean, and the best mouth washes are warm water or a solution of common table salt." The American Dental Association states that

the chief value of a dentifrice is to establish a healthy habit of making tooth brushing a more pleasant process, and that "no dentifrice can be used for so-called mouth correction."

Possibly the best example of an absolute misstatement of scientific fact is the contention that acid mouth, the newly discovered national menace, is an abnormal condition and can be prevented by certain tooth pastes. If the fact that the human saliva is normally slightly acid, and that no substance introduced into the mouth can have more than a temporary alkaline reaction, could once be got across to the public, dozens of tooth-paste manufacturers would be bankrupt. The American Dental Association states:

> The saliva is normally slightly acid. Mouth acidity or alkalinity cannot be controlled by any induced substances.

Here is a product advertised as a "cure" for acid mouth: Semafor — "a new contribution to health." Semafor offers its users a delightful game. It is a red liquid and "by changing to white it reveals when acids are present in the mouth or throat." Since acids are normally present in all mouths, the game never fails. To test the "degree of acidity" one takes mouthful after mouthful till one can spit red. Could not an original hostess devise a Semafor competition to see who can spit red in the fewest number of rinses?

Since some copy-writer discovered the popular appeal of film-on-the-teeth, dozens of dentifrices employing the well known principle of using an alkaline or soapy medium to dissolve mucin, have been put on the market. Here again the American Dental Association has thrown what should have been a bombshell with the statement that "the dental profession is not at all agreed that mucin plaques should be removed daily by the means of an energetic alkaline medium." Orphos, "dental science's latest miracle"; Pepsodent, "the greatest step made in a half-century's study of tooth-cleansing methods"; Pebeco, "a tooth paste specifically created to correct unhealthy mouth conditions"; Listerine tooth paste, which "keeps teeth gleaming white with almost no brushing," offer cheap and common chemical agents under the guise of scientific discoveries to combat film.

Here is Mu-Sol-Dent, one of the more exclusive and aristocratic of this group, advertised as a product resulting from extensive research under the auspices of the Mellon Institute. The fact is that a dentist, named C. Vogt, who held a fellowship at the Mellon Institute, developed a formula for removing mucin without the use of soap,

and the Institute issued its regular certificate declaring Dr. Vogt to be the discoverer of this formula. This certificate, prominently featured on the Mu-Sol-Dent label, concerned only the chemistry of the product and not its extravagant claims. Realizing that its certificate was being commercialized, the Institute discontinued the issuance of such certificates in 1921. The American Dental Association found that Mu-Sol-Dent is neither new in principle nor results.

The most widely advertised dentifrices are of two kinds: those that claim to cure pyorrhea or other pathological conditions which only an expert dentist should treat, and those which modestly limit their claims to cleansing or polishing the teeth. Use the first class at your peril; the second if you prefer their pleasant taste to table salt or powdered chalk, which are equally efficient as cleansing agents.

Some of the dentifrices which claim the power to whiten dull or yellow teeth employ such dangerous chemicals as hydrochloric acid. A government chemist placed an extracted tooth overnight in a solution of one widely advertised tartar remover. The next morning the tooth was the consistency of a well chewed lump of gum. Tartaroff, "the greatest scientific discovery of the age, which transforms teeth immediately into gems of pearl-like beauty," was found by the American Dental Association to consist of hydrochloric acid and water with a trace of aluminum.

Other pastes and mouth washes are termed "antiseptic and germicidal." Chemical experts in the Johns Hopkins laboratories tested 41 brands of tooth paste, of which eight accounted for 90 percent of the total tooth-paste sales, for possible antiseptic action. Not a single preparation was found to be capable of destroying staphylococcus, one of the common micro-organisms found in the mouth, after a five minutes' exposure.

Nevertheless the public will probably continue to purchase millions of dollars' worth of tooth paste to remove the "yellow mask," or to prevent pyorrhea.

In one recent advertisement is a full-page picture of two shapely, silk-clad legs, with the strange caption "gleaming, tartar-free teeth." What is the connection? Well, what you save in a year by paying only 25 cents a tube for this particular brand of tooth paste will buy you a pair of silk stockings. But think how many pairs you could buy with what you save by using no tooth paste at all!

Mussolini's "Battle for Grain"

Condensed from The Country Gentleman (January, '30)

E. V. Wilcox

ITALY is determined to produce more wheat in order to keep pace with its expanding population. "The state takes precedence over the individual," Alberto di Stefani, head of the Italian Association for Reclamation and Irrigation, told me. "The proprietor who for any reason fails to carry out the government program must give way to those who are in a position to increase land productivity. Landowners must realize that henceforth private ownership depends on capacity and good conduct from the point of view of agriculture."

The governor of each province has been given full authority to decide whether a farmer is up to standard. If not, his farm is taken from him and given to another man, who has 30 years to pay for it. The farmer is ordered to stay on the land and raise more wheat and more children. The government program involves making every acre produce more, under penalty of expropriation, and increasing the number of Italians by 20,000,000 within six years. The present population of Italy is 40,000,000. A 50 percent increase is therefore contemplated. The government's slogan is "In numbers there is force."

To stimulate the birth rate, bonuses and medals are bestowed on fathers of families of 7 to 12 or more children. Italian newspapers carry long lists of men who have received prizes for their contribution to the population. There are nearly 600,000 such families in Italy. And there is a graduated tax on bachelors.

Italy's population is growing at the rate of 400,000 a year, and the farmer has been peremptorily ordered to raise all the wheat required by the present and future expanding population of Italy. There is little new wheat land in sight. Yet to meet the situation the wheat area must be increased 70,000 acres every year, and the average yield must be increased from the present 16 bushels per acre to 25.

The government program is "to bring under cultivation every acre of arable land, forcibly and immediately." Farmers are forbidden to move to town except under permission of the prefect of the province. Even if a farmer is given permission, he is admitted only on probation for 120

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The Sew-China Carpenter

From Asia (February, '30)

Amelia O. Stott

WHEN I lived in China, it always astonished me to see the "sew-china carpenter" at his task. Carrying a light bamboo outfit, this craftsman appears regularly at compound gates to repair every kind of broken china. He always announces his arrival by rattling a small pigskin-covered mallet, which by its peculiar sound distinguishes him from all the other members of the pedler fraternity. When politely begged to enter, he shuffles into the compound and, squatting down on his tiny stool, out of doors in order to have the best possible light, is soon hard at work. First he lubricates his fingers with peanut oil to make the joints supple. Then, when the oil is absorbed, he wipes off any superfluous greasiness and begins to drill those almost invisible pinpricks in which the tiny rivets are to be inserted. Patiently, patiently, he sits and labors.

The finer the china, the more trying is this work on the eyesight; many of the older men I saw in my district appeared to suffer considerably from eyestrain. So skilfully are the repairs executed that the damage is often hardly noticeable afterward. Sew-china carpenters who are really artists at their job can even transform an unsightly jointing into an elaboration of the main design in the pattern.

The bill is always absurdly small; indeed it is sheer waste to throw away any broken china other than the very coarsest and cheapest ware. Yet in China, where all labor is poorly paid, the occupation of china-riveter is considered very profitable. Frequently the man will do his best work only on products of a local factory and will "squeeze" a commission from the proprietor through praising his ware to patrons and advertising it in the most blatant fashion. He greets the crockery hawker as a brother in business, and, sitting down with him at some wayside inn, learns of likely patrons and in turn tells of damaged crockery that skilful stitches are unavailing to repair.

So necessary is his honorable craft that even small villages boast of one or two experts: there seems to be no fear of unemployment. The business is usually handed on from father to son. Boys begin their training at seven years of age; for they must learn,

while their fingers are small and delicate, how to handle the fragile china. Riveting a broken eggshell is a common task for beginners.

I once knew a young Chinese who had met with an accident which necessitated his mastering a lighter trade. Thinking he could "learn anything before noon," as the Chinese express it, he wrote me a letter that I can never forget: "Have pity and give birth to a heart of benevolence in lending me twenty Mexican dollars, for a riveter's outfit, and I with all my heart promise to repay the illustrious one, if not in this world, then assuredly in the next with interest." I gladly gave him some money, but I subsequently heard that, as a poor amateur at his job, he achieved only "leafy success," that is, no substantial fruit-profit.

An old and famous china-riveter — so goes a story told in my district — was summoned one day by a wealthy mandarin to repair a priceless vase. He was informed by the servants that, unless he could mend it successfully, he would be tortured to death. The old man was in despair; for, whenever he inserted a stitch, a delicate "spider-web crackle" appeared over the finely polished surface. At last he accomplished his task. Worn out with his intense concentration and anxiety, he fell dead, his hand still holding the vase that he had repaired at such tremendous cost. When the mandarin saw it, he was so pleased with the effect that he determined to introduce a new fashion in the world of Chinese porcelain. Thus came into existence an exquisite crackled ware.

Mussolini's "Battle for Grain"

(Continued from page 1012)

days. If he does not make good during that period he is sent back to the country. If a farmer sneaks into town without permission, city employers are forbidden to hire him.

Nothing is left to the discretion of the farmer. Every landowner is ordered "immediately" to submit plans for operating his farm. But he is told in advance what the plans must be and he must carry them out promptly or forfeit his farm . . . Will the farmer voluntarily grow wheat when grapes, olives, citrus fruits, or a dozen other products pay better? While I was in Italy Canadian wheat was underselling Italian wheat on the Italian markets 25 to 40 lire per quintal, and Italian farmers were feeding much of their wheat to livestock. Italians, like other races, have a few ideas of their own about marriage, size of family, place of abode and method of farming. Can all these natural tendencies be changed by edicts? Time will tell.

The Pearl Standard

Condensed from The World Traveler (January, '30)

J. George Frederick

YOU have heard of the panic which would occur if alchemists should discover how to make gold. The "gold standard" would totter. Something of this situation occurred with regard to the "pearl standard," after the Japanese learned how to make "cultured" pearls which none but experts could distinguish. But French courts have decided that cultured pearls are entitled to the name pearl, and so the "pearl standard" is even now in process of adjustment.

It is difficult indeed to find somebody with any real pearls to sell! Few have a bank roll big enough to buy even one or two, to say nothing of a "rope" of them. The true, natural pearl comes from the Indian Ocean, the Persian Gulf, Central America, West Indies, Australia, and the Japanese Islands. Of these the Australian pearl fisheries are the important source. In fact, pearl divers from the Indian Ocean are coming to Australia, and nearly all the Japanese in Australia are in the pearl business.

Today the Japanese are more or less the decisive factors in the pearl industry, both real and "cultured." They are the most daring, persistent, and scientific divers and the most aggressive merchandisers. The little yellow men, recruited from the sea-faring stock of the Japanese shores, have a fatalism mixed in with their science, which makes an ideal pearl fishing combination. At depths no other divers have attempted they are serene and efficient. They go 30 fathoms deep and more; they call 7 to 20 fathoms "shallow water."

Woman claims equal rights with man in Japan as a pearl diver. Before the Jap girl is 15 she knows all about diving, and the pearl merchant often hires her as an expert before she enters her teens! From February to December she, with the Japanese men, dives 25 to 35 times a day, coming up with as many oysters as she can grab before her breath gives out. She remains at a depth of 30 fathoms for two minutes without ill effects. She brings up about 50 oysters per dive, and there is good-natured competition. A girl of 12 from Shima holds the record with 72 oysters — and they had almost turned her away for being too young. The diver has no easy task, for the shell lying on the bottom is generally hard to see,

as its back is often covered with various kinds of marine growth and may be in marine grass two or three feet high. The pearl fishers consist of a fleet of "luggers," with a two-masted schooner as a mother ship. The oysters are dumped on the decks, and opened by white men specially appointed for the task.

What is a pearl anyway? The healthy parent oyster lays thousands of eggs a year, but they float on the surface of the sea until they hatch. The tiny bivalve, using a greenish fiber-root sticking out of it, clings to anything it can, and feeds on the microscopic vegetable and animal forms in the water. Shifting about with the tides, it finally clings to the seabed with its byssus root until it grows and anchors itself for life — or until a fierce-looking diver grabs it. Oysters have other enemies, however; turtles crack open their shells, fish attack them and worst of all, borers which gradually, like an auger, go through the shell and kill — or if they can't kill, perhaps bring into being a pearl. The parasite borer, or often a worm spewed out by a small fish in the neighborhood of the shell, penetrates to the oyster, irritates the very delicate but hardy oyster substance, and a pearl results! It takes years, of course — years of building layer upon layer of "nacre." Strangely enough, these large oysters from the deep sea are not like the delicate bivalve we order in a restaurant — they are coarse in flavor. The gathering of shells under five inches in diameter is illegal. On deck they are opened with a large-handled knife and thrown away when no pearl is found. In 3000 or 4000 shells only one may be found, and then it may not be very valuable.

Before the Christian era the Chinese tried to propagate pearls, and artificial pearls were first made, though not very successfully, in 1680. The Chinese had hit upon the intimate secret of the pearl — that it was the result of an irritant. They introduced bits of wood or mud into the oyster shell, put the oysters in vats for three or four years, and actually achieved pearls. For centuries they carried this on; but the catch to this easy road to high fortune is that the resulting pearls are dull, flat white, the real pearl being lustrous with a very rare luster. Science in modern days has penetrated deeper into this precious secret. The little borer is partly responsible; he bores through the shell; is met by a secretion as a defense, dies, is oxidized, and the pearl remains as a defense. A French writer put it cleverly, "A pearl which milady loves next her delicate skin is the brilliant sarcophagus of a worm."

Here is where the Japs come in

with their "cultured" or "nurtured" pearls. They doped it out that a tiny bit of chemically treated mother-of-pearl (the same substance as is on the lining of the shell) introduced into the oyster shell would form the correct nucleus for growing a real pearl. The experiment produced pearls which did have a very fine luster, and the Japs sold them as natural Oriental pearls throughout the world for a considerable time. Then the English pearl expert, H. C. Hopkins, together with a staff succeeded in devising a machine which now absolutely determines the difference between true Oriental pearls and the cultured ones. The basis of this power of detection is the fact that the concentric layers of nacre forming the true pearl have a power of reflecting and transmitting light, which is the true distinguishing mark of the gem. The beautiful pearl appearance is due to an optical phenomenon — the interference of rays of light reflected from microscopic corrugations on the surface of the pearl.

Mr. Hopkins says: "The Japanese pearls have the appearance of yellowish lumps of lard, the true pearls remaining perfectly white. I explain this coloring by the presence of the chemical with which the mother-of-pearl nucleus is treated in order to increase the secretion by the oyster. A very simple test is made with a needle provided with a tiny mirror. This being introduced into the hole bored through the pearl the nucleus will at once be apparent if it is a Japanese cultivated pearl.

"Women often ask if it is possible to distinguish upon the wearer's neck, at a distance of two yards, between a collar of Japanese pearls and one of natural pearls. It is impossible thus to tell false pearls from the genuine, just as it is impossible at a glance to tell an original work of art from a copy." Thus science becomes the only true arbiter of the preciousness of stones!

The popularity of pearls has enormously increased in the last ten years, as the imitation or nurtured or artificial pearls have been put upon the market. The long-suppressed desire of women to own pearls was given an opportunity, and today strings of "pearls" are sold in great quantity for a couple of dollars — good enough at least to serve as a tribute to the great esteem in which true pearls are held.

Prosperity—Believe It or Not

Condensed from The Nation (January 8, '30)

Stuart Chase
Author of "Prosperity, Fact or Myth"

WE have, let us say, an onion. The onion represents the total economic life of the United States. The heart of the onion is prosperity. How large does it bulk?

First, we must strip off all the States not included in the Middle Atlantic, East North Central, and Pacific States. The National Bureau of Economic Research finds that by and large they have not prospered. Second, in the prosperous belt, we must strip off most of the farmers; they have not prospered. Third, we must strip off a large section of the middle class. The small business man, the independent storekeeper, many professional men and women, have failed to keep income on a par with the new standard of living. Fourth, we strip off the unemployed. Machinery seems to be displacing workers — and of late mergers are displacing executives — faster than they can find employment elsewhere. Fifth, we strip off depressed industries, such as coal, textiles, leather, shipbuilding, and railroad equipment. Sixth, we strip off the excessive number of businesses which have gone bankrupt in this era. And last, we strip off the millions of unskilled workers who were teetering on the edge of bare subsistence in 1922, and who certainly cannot be called prosperous today. In short, only a part of our country has been prosperous, and even that part has many soft spots.

What then remains? A good deal. The onion has shrunk, but it has not disappeared. Let us note such surviving layers as: (1) A 20 percent increase in the national income per capita from 1922 to 1928; (2) a 30 percent increase in physical production; (3) an increase in average health; (4) a great increase in educational facilities; (5) a per capita increase in savings; (6) a five-hour decline in the average working week; (7) an increasingly fecund, alert, and courageous science of management, resulting in an ever-growing productivity per worker.

The trouble with these items is that while they indicate that we are more prosperous than we were, nothing is said about the degree of prosperity from which we started. The base line is missing. And the fact is that 80 percent of all American families lived below the budget of health and decency in 1922, and that

two-thirds of all our families are probably still below that line.

We have added something to our real income since 1922. But is this prosperity in the deeper sense? No. I would say, at a guess, that if the next seven years are as good as the last, and the next seven again, and the next — by 1950 the population would be receiving not less than $4000 a year per family, and might be called prosperous. This would mean 28 years of upward curves. The longest period of business prosperity so far in our history is 14 years, from 1879 to 1893. Can the going economic system, with its lack of co-ordinated control, hold the pace for a full generation and then peg it at the top? I profoundly doubt it.

We may give four definitions of prosperity: (1) as evidenced by business; (2) as evidenced by a greater flow of goods and services; (3) as evidenced by economic security and peace of mind; (4) as evidenced by "the life more abundant" — comprehending material welfare, security, and the upbuilding of a genuinely noble civilization.

Judged by the first two definitions, our prosperity is to a considerable degree a proven fact.

But what of the third: prosperity measured in terms of economic security and peace of mind? Unemployment has been rampant and is increasing. We are probably entering, for the first time in industrial history, an era of "technological unemployment," in which, owing to the encroachments of the machine, the total firing rate is to exceed the total hiring rate. A more destructive agent for security and peace of mind it is difficult to imagine. As life whirls faster, it brings no discernible peace of mind. No. The third definition we cannot grant. Prosperity in terms of tranquillity and genuine leisure has not arrived for most of us.

Turn to definition four. "Where wealth accumulates and men decay" — that has been the text of a good many contemporary critics. Yet, with such prosperity as we have, I see no evidence of a net decay either in men or their accomplishments. Biologically, we have improved. Ah, but the mind, the creative instinct, the precious spiritual values! Having no degree in metaphysics, I know nothing about the inwardness of such ghostly matters. But we all have eyes and ears and, with a little training, we can tell when buildings are finer, poems grander, statesmanship more intelligent, manners better than a decade ago.

American civilization was relatively crazy in 1920, and shows no signs of being less crazy today.

But it does show enormous vitality. Architecture is searching for a thrilling new form of art in the skyscraper. It is impossible to take two steps on the streets of New York without colliding with either (a) a novelist, (b) a painter, (c) a playwright, or (d) a designer of cock-eyed office furniture. A whole new age of decoration is breaking out in lavender bathtubs and rose-colored oil heaters. The scene is at once ludicrous, arresting, inspiring, and always stimulating. There is just a chance that America might whirl itself into the most breath-taking civilization which history has yet to record. But to date the chief exhibit is activity.

If there is any real achievement in the past eight years, it lies in the dramatic advance of industrial management. Steadily the output per worker rises in the well-managed factories, railroads, mines. Steadily the cost of production falls. Ever more exciting grow the possibilities of machines. (Here is a giant new press, capable of exerting a pressure of 1,000,000 pounds. A piece of raw steel is fed to it. Crunch! Out comes a finished automobile fender.) Similarly, ever more intelligent grow the psychological contacts with the worker. His fatigue curve is plotted, his adaptability to his job measured, his accident rate brought down, his wages increased according to the doctrine of the economy of high wages.

A beautiful technique, this. Given a free hand it might actually abolish poverty. But the hands of management are not free. The technician is constantly undone by the sales department, which sees no way to maintain capacity other than by style changes, annual models, advertising misrepresentation and high-pressure merchandising. Above all, the technician needs a national system of super-management, whereby production might be articulated to consumptive needs, and the fabulous wastes of excess plants, excess machines, excess overhead costs, uneconomically located industries, cross hauling, jam, tangle, and bottlenecks, be brought under rational control. That such super-management is not beyond human capacity to operate, the experience of the Supreme Economic Council during the war, and of the Russian Gosplan today, amply demonstrates. Prosperity in any deeper sense awaits the liberation of the engineer.

Research and Labor

Condensed from The Technology Review (December, '29)

Arthur D. Little

Chemist and inventor; Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences

IN a recent issue of *The Realist*,* John Gibson writes: "The machine with its consequent displacement of labour is hated and dreaded by the Workers. . . . They do not understand why every step in the line of progress should be taken at their expense. The injustice of the thing appalls them, and they lay the blame on the most apparent cause — science."

The many other critics of our present age would have us believe that science threatens our very civilization. This, if true, would be a sorry outcome of the long series of intellectual triumphs which, during the past 150 years, have given man so great a mastery over his environment.

How much truth is there in the criticism that science is the enemy, rather than the friend, of the laboring man?

My first lesson in industrial economics was received when, as a boy, I came upon a berry picker who was eating a luncheon of dry bread while beside him were pails heaped with blueberries. I asked him why he didn't eat some blueberries, and he answered, "I can't afford to." In other words, the labor cost and consequent market value of the picked, wild blueberries were too great to permit him to consume them.

Some years later a simple tool was invented — a kind of dustpan fitted in front with teeth like a rake — which enabled a man to pick a bushel of blueberries in the time formerly required to pick a quart. At once the labor cost of blueberries went down. Canneries were established. Many more pickers found employment, and though they received far less per quart, their daily earnings were so greatly increased that they could have lunched on caviare sandwiches had they cared for them.

In the larger aspects of industry the same process goes on. Through research we come to automatic machinery and lower costs; these permit higher wages and lower prices.

There have been long periods in history when, in otherwise brilliant civilizations, the world's work was done by slaves. Their monuments remain in the pyramids of Egypt and the ruins of Greece and Rome. In Italy during

* Note: Mr. Gibson's article was condensed in The Reader's Digest for February, 1930, under the title "Why Labor Fears Science."

the time of Claudius the proportion of slaves to freemen is given by Blair as three to one, while in Greece, during her greatest period, there are said to have been 12,000,000 slaves to 5,000,000 freemen. Slowly, through the centuries, the machine has brought emancipation to the worker.

In the early Middle Ages, craft workers in Europe were better off than the slaves of the Roman system, but they were serfs. Their lives were cheaply held. For the murder of a goldsmith one paid 150 sous; for that of an iron worker, 50 sous; a carpenter was appraised at 40 sous, and a common laborer at 30. Even in England as late as the 18th century the condition of the working population was often deplorable and precarious in the extreme.

Without this background it is impossible to realize the enormous gains for which the worker in our own times is indebted to the machine. There is, it is true, little place now for the artisan of the old type. There is little demand for his laboriously acquired skill. As Usher points out: "Modern industry has its great rewards for the *man*. The old distinction between the skilled and the unskilled might better be abandoned for distinction between the responsible and the irresponsible."

The jinricksha man is still slave to his machine. The locomotive engineer is master of his. What truck driver would change places with a transport coolie? What operator of a band saw would take his place in the pit to work one end of a two-man saw while blinded by the shower of sawdust? Yet riots followed the first attempt to establish power sawmills.

For many years manual workers entertained the fallacy that there was only so much work to be done in the world. Since its amount seemed to them hardly sufficient to keep them all employed, it appeared obvious that any device that enabled one man to do the work of two must deprive the second man of his job.

The typewriter undoubtedly displaced some copying clerks, but it provided employment for a far greater number of typists, led to the establishment of special schools, and provided jobs for thousands in factories for manufacturing the machines and their accessories of ribbons, carbon paper, stencils, and so on. The linotype, which enabled one man to do the work of six, reduced the hours of work from ten to eight and put wages up 20 percent. It eliminated the tramp printer, but ultimately provided more jobs and better jobs for workmen of a higher type.

Through a creative impulse which began in the brain of

Faraday, electricity is now a servant in 16,000,000 American homes, where it condescends to wash and iron clothes, clean the carpets, cook, and fill the ice chest. It reaches out to rural districts to lighten the labor of the farmer and his wife. Today the American workman has at his command the equivalent of 55 man power, and three-fourths of this is furnished by electricity. One can imagine the multitudinous opportunities for employment which these developments have brought to labor. As a starting point, 300,000 men and women are employed in the 1700 establishments engaged in making electrical equipment which has an annual value of one and one-half billion dollars.

We begin to see plainly, then, the truth behind these examples: that with the world's growing population the only remedy for unemployment is research. Were it not for the millions of opportunities afforded workers in the enterprises based on the contributions of science in years within the memory of most of us, we should now be faced in the United States with an employment problem appalling in its magnitude and heart-rending in its results.

If it is charged that science has brought a materialistic civilization to the West, we must answer that the East, with all the immense spiritual values latent in its philosophy, has failed to free the long procession of generations. In China, with its low level of poverty, millions still die of famine, though food may be abundant 100 miles away. In India, other millions, in the grip of caste, are bound to their predetermined status, though it may condemn them to go through life untouchable and unclean. Let us then, before we adjudge our own civilization to be materialistic, weigh these words of Hu Shih, a scholarly and traveled Chinese:

"To me that civilization is materialistic which is limited by matter and incapable of transcending it; which feels itself powerless against its material environment and fails to make the full use of human intelligence for the conquest of nature and for the improvement of the conditions of man . . .

"On the other hand, that civilization which makes the fullest possible use of human ingenuity and intelligence in search of truth in order to control nature and transform matter for the service of mankind, to liberate the human spirit from ignorance, superstition, and slavery to the forces of nature, and to reform social and political institutions for the benefit of the greatest number — such a civilization is highly idealistic and spiritual."

Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln

Condensed from the Woman's Home Companion (February, '30)

William E. Barton

Author of a two-volume "Life of Lincoln"; "Parables of Safed the Sage," etc.

MRS. ABRAHAM LINCOLN, first lady of the land, stood in her new rose-colored moire-antique dress, ready at last, thank goodness, to descend to her first public reception at the White House. Mr. Lincoln appeared, uncomfortable in his claw-hammer coat and white gloves, and looked with undisguised admiration at this brilliant wife of his. He ought to have said, "My dear, your dress is marvelously beautiful and you are even more so;" but as he looked her over and noticed the scant dimensions of the garment above the waist and the yard and three-quarters that trailed on the floor, he drew a soft whistle. "Whew! What a long tail our cat has!" he exclaimed.

Mrs. Lincoln did not greatly enjoy the remark. It would not have been in good taste, she thought, even in Springfield, Illinois, and this was Washington. But a moment later her husband, turning from playing with Willie and Tad, turned to look again at his wife. "Mother," he said, "you look charming!" Then he began quoting poetry, but what poetry it was no one has remembered.

What do we know about these two people, Abraham Lincoln and his wedded wife Mary Todd, who lived together for 23 years from the first days of their boarding (at four dollars a week for the two) at the Globe Tavern in Springfield in 1842 till his death in the White House in 1865? Some people describe their life as one long and beautiful realization of love. Others say that they lived in constant strife, due mainly to her ungovernable temper. Millions of devourers of sob-stuff make themselves tearfully happy in the belief that Lincoln in his youth had one great passion, his love for Ann Rutledge, and that he never loved Mary Todd or any other woman afterward.

It seems more truthful to say that Abraham Lincoln and Mary Todd were divinely constituted to make each other uncomfortable and that it was fortunate that they were so made.

Abraham Lincoln and Mary Todd married each other because they both wanted each other. But he had a strange shrinking from marriage and she was by nature a flirt and a lover of social display; they had abundant op-

portunity to quarrel and they did quarrel during their engagement. They had a violent quarrel on "the fatal first of January, 1841," and the two were sundered until November, 1842, a period of almost two years during which Mary, with a heavy heart, flirted with other men and Lincoln proposed to the landlady's little sister and was refused, which served him right.

He never loved any other woman as he loved Mary Todd. The word "love" must be elastic when it serves as a common denominator for the affection of a man of 33, slow-moving, phlegmatic and not very sensitive, and that of a woman ten years younger, passionate, high-strung and extremely temperamental. They made each other unhappy at times but either of them would have made anyone else unhappy, and each of them would have been unhappy without the other.

They were as exact opposites as could be described. He was six feet four inches tall; she was just five feet. He was dark, and slender; she was plump and rather light, with chestnut hair and blue-gray eyes. He moved slowly, thought slowly, spoke slowly; she was full of vivacity. He was easy-going, good-natured and imperturbable; she was ardent, quick to fly into a passion and as ready to get over it. Yet the fact that they quarreled more or less frequently is not the matter of prime significance. She was inordinately proud of him and never doubted that he had a great future and that her happiness lay in sharing it.

While she was too nervous to be an ideal mother, sometimes scolding the children when their faults should have been overlooked, and much oftener humoring them when they deserved reproof, she was a loving and devoted mother. She made her children's clothing with her own hands and was a fine seamstress.

Their first son Robert was born in less than a year after their marriage, and the next two boys came at intervals of two years. The second child, Eddie, died February 1, 1850. His mother never ceased sorrowing for him till that grief was overshadowed by the death of Willie, and that in turn by the tragic murder of her husband. Tad, who was born a few months after Eddie died, came as a comfort after the first great sorrow, and was a sweet and lovable boy, but with defective speech and retarded development.

Mrs. Lincoln's position in the White House was a most cruel one. Blood relations of hers came to say good-by before they departed for the South, telling her they would soon be back with the new occupants of the White House, Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson

Davis. Her brothers were in the Confederate army. One brother, Samuel Todd, was killed at the battle of Corinth; another, Alexander, was killed at the battle of Baton Rouge; a third, David, received a bullet wound that long after caused his death. Only one brother, George, a surgeon, came out of the war with life still before him. General Ben Helm, husband of her youngest sister, was killed at Chickamauga.

Mrs. Lincoln had to smile at the Union victories that robbed her of her kindred. Just after Lincoln returned from Gettysburg, Mrs. Helm came through the lines under a flag of truce and spent some days at the White House. Lincoln did his best to conceal the fact that she was there. But the White House was full of spies. The two women hardly dared speak and could only weep silently in each other's arms.

Mrs. Lincoln belonged to a slave-holding family. She was representative of the aristocratic South, but if she did not wholly share her husband's convictions, she supported them. She declared truthfully that when her husband left the old Whig party and joined a new party opposed to the extension of slavery, she encouraged him to make no halfway matter of it.

In the long sorrowful years after the death of her husband, Mrs. Lincoln was happy in her memory of their last afternoon together. She had made him come for a drive in the fresh air, and they had talked of what they would do at the expiration of his term. They would go back to Illinois, but first they would travel. They would cross the continent on the Union Pacific Railway which Lincoln so earnestly had advocated, and would see miners digging gold in California to pay the national debt. That night came the assassin's bullet. Mary Lincoln was never quite a sane woman after that night.

Cruel beyond belief were the words that were spoken against her and those who rose to speak in her defense were not always wise. Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln were not always happy together, but they believed in each other and their lives enlarged each other. They lived through a degree of incompatibility which would have sent many couples to the divorce court; but their incompatibility was less significant than their high regard for each other. If the chief end of matrimony is to yield the largest possible total of emotional gratification, the marriage of Abraham Lincoln and Mary Todd left much to be desired; but there are larger aspects of the marriage relation. Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln took each other for better or for worse and they and the world were better for it.

The Three-Ring Farm

Condensed from The Virginia Quarterly Review (January, '30)

Robert P. Tristram Coffin
Author of "Golden Falcon," "An Attic Room," etc.

THE life I led when I was a boy was a three-ring circus. To begin with, geography was propitious. A farm to most people means a house and barn, a meadow, a brook and woods, a garden, rides on a haycart, wood to saw and water to carry. My lucky stars planted me on a farm that had, over and above these, the sea, an island, cliffs to climb, boats and bridges, books, a peculiarly zestful set of brothers and sisters, and several philosophers. Maine, the state that offers everything but a desert, gave me the whole assortment of geography in one parcel.

My father was an artist in several professions and an adventurer plenipotentiary. The farm of my boyhood was just one of the many plots he had opened up to civilization and sown the laughter of seeds and children upon. My father yearned to stock an island empery. He made a fair start; there were an even ten of us, boys nicely balancing girls. Next to children, he loved boats; he had almost as many of them as he had children; they ranged from a sloop down through skiffs and up to the scow in which his driving horses rode home from the mainland. Though he was an explorer and a pioneer, he never dug himself so deeply into the woods as to get out of reach of great books or great thoughts. He had his library and his gestures of gentility along with him. His pockets, turned out by his Maker when his day was done, were full of all kinds of shining things: songs for the guitar by a winter hearth, stories like those of Chaucer, jovial words, keen appetites, kindliness, wonder, and a heart that never dropped its leaves. There may have been finer fathers; but I have yet to hear of one.

I did myself awfully well in my mother too. Here was gentleness that was a perfect supplement to my father's vigor. My mother was mistress of all the arts of living from love to good cooking and dressmaking. The stockings she must have darned! and the babies she must have covered at night and pulled through croup with no doctor within miles and only owls for neighbors! She taught us all to read; and she taught us also that charity and mercy and friendliness are a little higher than the stars.

When it comes to pets, the cousins all children ought to grow up with, I swear I was born with a whole set of silver spoons in my mouth. There was General Joshua L. Chamberlain, a goose named after my father's best friend. The goose got his name through a compromise — my father had wished to bestow it upon a son, but my mother shunted it off on one that could better bear up under it. There were pigs and calves galore, and an eagle with a broken wing that came to the name of Theodore Roosevelt and that sat behind us as we fished and waited with hopeful, amber eyes to tear the flounders from the hooks as they came in. But the best pet of all was Snoozer, a dog one part hound, one part pug, one part terrier, but the best part yellow. He would bury himself and us when he had a hole to dig out; he could pivot as he sank his shaft and so manage to pepper us all. He could bite off oak roots the size of your arm and never count the cost. Twice a month he had to be interred to his nose; but he could never be taught to pass a skunk by on the other side. He submitted to any indignity to be one of us, even suffering a harness to pull our boy-size hay-cart. His color was not skin deep; he was pure and yellow gold clean to his heart. Half the light went out of day when Snoozer passed on to hunt the starry, endless woodchucks of the Western Isles.

We had several philosophers-at-large to give us our wisdom. Ben Sudbury knew all the laws of the weather, saw the hands of God in the mackerel sky, and scaled a 200-foot pine to set a gilded arrow there for a vane. Then there was Cap'n Pye, who had his ships as his ancestors had theirs before him. But his ships were the kind that sailed inside his head; they would not let him sleep of nights; they poked sly bowsprits through his room. He taught us the lore of pirates and of digging for treasure on the full of the moon.

There was an uncle, too, in the offing, and he knew a number of the seas and had handled big sailing boats and had a walrus's moustache; but he was only in knee pants in his heart and could rig up ships in narrow-necked bottles and carve surprising baskets out of peach stones. He had the same blue-eyed innocence of a small boy where women were concerned. He had a wife; but she was a creature on another planet from his and harder to understand than a great ship with all her spars and tackle.

Nor were all our philosophers in trousers. We had an aunt who put a good deal of granite into our souls. She descended upon us periodically and put such table manners into us, and such of the

twelve moral virtues that Puritan New England still cherishes, that it took us weeks after her going to get back to normal again. I read the Bible through, *begat* chapters and all, five times for her.

This brings me to the books we had. My father had brought a Virgil interlinear from Fairfax College, Virginia, and I followed his footsteps by picking up my first Latin from that. I read his "Arabian Nights," too, the forbidden unexpurgated edition, having gotten the key to the restricted bookcase by stealth, all through the trance of a sun-drenched summer while I sat alone up in the pasture to keep a bull of ours from pushing over the garden fence and trampling the kidney beans. That bull never harmed children; he was a sucking dove to them; but he was the Old Boy himself in the smell of onions and brimstone at winning the adulation of his Holstein harem by walking off with all the farm's barbed-wire fences on his neck, if there was no one to keep an eye on him. Before I was half through the thousand and one nights, I half expected that harmless bull to sprout brass wings and fly off with the cows turned into jinns, or the boulder stones at my feet to turn into blinding diamonds. The thunderclouds in the west built themselves up into domes of alabaster and lapis lazuli and chrysoprase, and I think I should not have blinked a lash if a prince in a turban had suddenly ridden out of them on a steed of jet. My mother put down my devotion to the kidney beans to the bound numbers of the Youth's Companion I took up with me. But she little dreamed what sort of filler those innocent papers served to cover! I dug myself deeply into Hawthorne's "Twice-Told Tales" on another occasion until my eyes swam and the pines and spruces acquired human shapes and voices. Another time it was Cooper's "Leatherstocking Tales" that led me at breathless speed through months endlessly and endlessly on. The print was terribly fine, and often at the most desperate crises pages and pages had been plucked out by somebody whose excitement had gotten the best of him. But I could not be wrenched away from those tomes.

But there. How can one hope to capture in a catalog of books, of uncles, or of pets, the days that had gilt upon them? In the proper circus one needs three pairs of eyes, a set for each of the rings; and one can no more hope to reduce to a sequence, or order the things that glitter there, than one can expect to order the bright tops that spin off into the outer darkness along the Milky Way.

What Is the Family Still Good For?

Condensed from The American Mercury (February, '30)

Edward Sapir
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THE changes which we see taking place in the family as an institution, and which seem to be threatening its very existence, may be largely traced to four obvious causes: first, the multiplication of labor-saving devices; second, the cramping of living quarters; third, the automobile; fourth, the growing economic independence of woman.

The family as an industrial unit, as a self-contained, mechanically bound group which works toward definite ends of a practical nature, is pretty much a thing of the past. For better or worse, large scale industry has invaded the home and performs many of the duties which once used to bind the members of the family together.

The most significant by-product of this invasion of the home is the cramping of its quarters. As there is less and less for it to do, less and less room is required to do it in. The growth of land values has accentuated this tendency to conserve space. The family now tucks itself away in snug corners. A relentless system of hinges folds up space into compartments which contain a host of strap-hanging contrivances. With this shrinkage in space the street, the movie hall, and the hotel lobby become the necessary backyards of the modern home.

This cramping of family quarters has much retroactive influence on the dignity of the institutional concept itself. If the home is insecure, cramped, external to the personalities of its members, we need not be surprised that the family itself tends to become insecure, casual, cramped, and external to its own personalities.

But the American family is not only cramped and insecure in space; it is also unstable in time. Travel is constantly absenting one or other members from the rest. Such absences were once rare events in the history of the family. Now they are so common as to exert great influence. A family which is constantly breaking up and reassembling is like a rule which has too many exceptions: such a rule ends up by ceasing to be a rule.

In all this going and coming, the automobile is of course the most potent factor. It affords a ready means of escape from the visible home, thus aiding mate-

rially in the weakening of the symbolism of the home.

There remains the increasing economic independence of women. When man was the sole bread-winner it was his habit to show a proud indifference to everything that beautified the home, on the assumption that domestic affairs were, after all, things for women to worry about. Now economically emancipated women tend, unconsciously, to assume that same indifference to the home as a badge of freedom. This, of course, is not the whole story. Where both the husband and wife are bread-winners, there cannot fail to be some divergence of interest and association, and that also adds its share to the loosening of family bonds.

Granting, then, that the family is being seriously changed by all these tendencies, let us now see what seems to have been lost as a result of them.

I should say, first of all, that the family is no longer a self-going concern, no longer a self-sufficient castle in a semi-hostile world. Furthermore, parental authority has perceptibly lessened. In the third place, personal relations within the family, the attitude of brother to sister, of mother to son, have no longer quite that self-evident and pre-ordained quality which seemed to go with defined kinship status.

Are these truly losses, or are they really gains in disguise? They are certainly not unmixed evils. The traditional family tended to be a little ingrown, rather selfish in its outlook upon life. Its happiness tended to be smug; its unhappiness bred all the poisons of secrecy.

Few are so held by the illusions of the past as to claim that the lessening of parental authority is nothing but evil. There was a time when to have a father and mother was construed as equivalent to doing what you were told and being thankful therefor ever after. We have traveled a certain distance from these dull mythologies. It is well that fathers and mothers are beginning to discover that it is hard work making their children's acquaintance, and that before they have done so it will be as well not to bank too heavily on the innate love and wisdom which the mere fact of parenthood is supposed to give them. There is no reason why parents and children may not be the best of friends, but it is getting to be believed that frankness is a better preface to such friendship than the mysticism of blood.

Some may see in these new relationships signs of the complete disappearance of the family. Others will feel that the family is merely being scraped clean of irrelevances and fitted to become the bearer of richer meanings than it has ever had — that the Amer-

ican mind is gropingly trying to establish the only kind of family that it still believes in, namely, a man and a woman who, loving each other, do not wish to live apart.

This intimate companionship which dare never be confused with the casual exercise of sex, is a minimum and all-sufficient definition of the family. Everything else is incremental, however importantly so. This new "psychological marriage," as it might be termed in contrast with the older marriage institution, is too flimsy a thing for the conservative mind, too burdensome a thing for the mere sex-monger. But it is the cornerstone of the new family.

In this new family the attention given to the child — when there are children — is oblique rather than direct, and this is excellent both for the mental health of the child itself and for the continuance of a sound relation between the husband and the wife. The child does not need to be smothered with a love which is half stolen from husband or wife. It requires an undemanding affection which flows over, as it were, from the primary love which built the family. For this healthy and unobtrusive affection, there is, so far as I know, no institutional substitute.

To conclude, we are not confronted with the threatened dissolution of the family; we are simply promised a clearing away of institutional clogs of all sorts which do not correspond to modern mentality and of indulgence in sentiments which we are beginning to see are harmful. We may say that the family is needed for the following primary purposes: first, to give the sex relation its greatest emotional value; second, to rear children in an atmosphere of intelligent affection; third, to prepare the individual for the give and take of society; and fourth, to prepare the child unconsciously for satisfactory mating in the future.

The old family institution, walled about by a make-believe psychology of status, ignored the elementary truth that the individuals within it were essentially the same people as the self-same individuals outside. A belated recognition of this truth creates some dizziness, but when the gasps have subsided and the eye is opened again, the family will be seen to be still there, a little cleaner, a little more truthful, a little happier.

Shall Speed Laws Be Abolished?

Condensed from Popular Science Monthly (February, '30)

Travis Hoke
Editor of Popular Science Monthly

"ABOLISH all speed laws!" With that drastic suggestion, Paul G. Hoffman, Vice President of the Studebaker Corporation of America, exploded a bombshell at a recent meeting of the National Safety Council.

A diametrically opposite stand was taken by Dr. Louis I. Dublin, statistician of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. Basing his argument on an analysis of 73,050 accidents, he contended that the law ought to tighten its grip on the motorist.

Certainly present conditions cry out for improvement. Highways are becoming choked with cars. Pernicious traffic strangulation is setting in. Last year, the number of lives destroyed by automobiles in this country exceeded half of the total number of Americans killed in the World War. And a million persons were injured — roughly four times the total of United States casualties during the year and a half of American participation in the war.

These appalling figures might well be considered sufficient ground for outlawing the automobile as a frightful menace to life and limb. Surely, the argument against the motor car on this basis is as strong, if not stronger, than that against firearms, drugs, or liquor, and perhaps all three combined.

Here then, is a double-barreled problem. People want fewer accidents. On the other hand, they are demanding greater speed. The importance of the question becomes evident when it is considered that 25,000,000 automobiles are in use in the United States. For these reasons *Popular Science* has made a survey of the problem, and presents here a plan for safety with speed.

The survey developed several interesting points. Chief of these was the concensus that better roads and more of them are indispensable to any improvement in conditions. Then it was found that a majority of the leaders in the automobile industry shared Hoffman's view that higher speeds are not only desirable but inevitable. Finally, those consulted agreed that most accidents are not caused by speed itself, but by the use of too much or too little speed at the wrong times; by cars trying to pass each other; by defective automobiles; and by the chaotic state of the speed

and traffic laws, which makes it virtually impossible for the most careful driver to stay within the law.

Hoffman's suggestion was not quite so fantastic as it sounded. Eight of the 48 states already have done away with speed restrictions on open country roads. They are Connecticut, Vermont, Georgia, Tennessee, Michigan, Wisconsin, Kansas, and Montana. In England a bill was recently introduced which would abolish the speed limit and instead impose heavy penalties for careless driving. Abolition of speed laws would allow traffic officers to turn their attention from speed to the more important matter of reckless driving.

In 1910 the average speed on improved highways was about 20 miles an hour. It increased about one mile an hour each year till 1928, when it reached about 38 miles an hour. In that year, the Ford "Model A" started skimming along the roads and it is anybody's guess what the average speed is today.

But speed is not necessarily danger. "A 50-mile touring speed," says Alvan Macauley, President of the Packard company, "is safer today than 35 or 40 miles an hour was ten years ago." Improvements in motor, brake mechanism, body strength, and visibility are responsible for the new safety.

Invariably, however, the great automobile executives have agreed that greater speeds must not be attempted before roads are made safe for them by means of high-speed highways without level crossings or intersections.

F. J. Haynes, President of Durant Motors, gives this safety rule. "I have made it a practice, while driving fast, of regulating my speed to the clear space ahead. If it is ten feet, then my speed is such that I can stop at that distance. If it is greater, then my speed can be increased. I believe this is the only rule which can be successfully made to apply to speed regulation."

Here, then, is one side of the picture. On the other side is the statement of Dr. Dublin of the Metropolitan Life Insurance. "The year 1928 saw 27,500 lives snuffed out in automobile accidents in the United States, and about a million persons injured. The money loss was about a billion dollars. And in 1929, it will be shown, the situation has been much worse still.

"We are not making the slightest progress in improving conditions. Our road building, extensive though it is, is not keeping pace with the number of cars being turned out. That means road congestion. Irritation on the part of many drivers is expressed in an overpowering desire to speed in order to make up for

lost time as soon as they reach the open road. Herein lies the explanation of many serious accidents which occur immediately outside of our congested cities."

With all these facts in mind, the first plank in *Popular Science's* Speed-with-Safety Platform is:

1. More roads, wider roads, smoother roads, safer roads.

2. The abolition of speed laws as now written. In place of these laws exhaustive tests should be made, followed by the posting of all roads with the speed at which traffic must travel. At the beginning of a long, straight stretch, for example, a sign should be posted specifying whatever rate high-speed tests have shown to be safe. At the end of the straight stretch there should be another sign with posted speed found suitable for the curve.

3. Cars proceeding in the same direction are not to pass each other. One of the most fruitful causes of accident is this swinging out into the lane of oncoming cars in order to pass the car ahead. There would be no chance of enforcing this provision, if cars were allowed to go slower than the posted speed. Hence —

4. For any car to operate on the road at less than the posted speed is illegal. Obviously, if all cars are traveling at the legal posted speed, and that speed is as high as safety will permit, there is no incentive to pass the car in front. This suggestion is not as new as it may seem. Something very like it, for instance, is enforced in handling traffic to big football games near New York City.

5. Scientific tests are to be made determining just how far apart cars should travel for maximum safety consistent with a reasonable use of the road at various speeds. The prescribed distance between cars should be posted along with the speed, and would naturally change with each change in the speed rate. Every car would be compelled to maintain this legal distance between itself and the car ahead — no more, no less.

6. Finally, a point based on plain common sense. Every car in use on the road, whether new or old, should be carefully inspected at stated intervals to make sure that it is in proper mechanical condition.

We are convinced that this plan, if carried out, would greatly increase the average motoring speed, largely eliminate causes of accident, and rid motoring of its most annoying features.

Music

Condensed from the Delineator (February, '30)

William Lyon Phelps
Professor of English Literature at Yale University

MOTHER and daughter go to the symphony concert and (if they can afford it) to grand opera; father and son do not. Now music is essentially a manly art. There are more good women football players than there are great women composers.

I believe that listening to great music is one of the most important, yes, one of the most essential occupations for the average man. I am writing this article exclusively for the unconverted. I am talking to men and boys who are bored by symphony concerts or who are afraid they will be bored. I am addressing those male members of the household who believe they are not musical. Why do they hate good music? The answer is simple. It is because they do not listen.

I was once myself in that condition of ignorance and darkness. But today I had far rather hear good music than hear anything else on earth. No music is too elevated for me. The stiffer the program, the better it is.

When I was a sophomore in college, I had no liking for real music. I enjoyed comic opera and a brass band. While I was in this state of Philistine darkness, Theodore Thomas came to New Haven with an orchestra and announced a series of concerts. The first would be Beethoven and Wagner. To me this sounded terrible; but being willing to educate myself, if such a thing were possible, I went.

Never shall I forget the boredom of that evening. Thomas was a great conductor, he had a competent orchestra, and the compositions were by men of genius. Nevertheless I suffered horribly. I gazed over the audience to see how my fellow sufferers were enduring it. Some of them were asleep. I envied them. Some other men had awakened suddenly from a nap and glared defiantly about them. Others were trying to look intelligent, exactly the way people look when a lecturer quotes something in a foreign language. But instead of looking intelligent, they looked depressed.

Continuing to look attentively at the faces of the audience, I observed here and there persons enjoying this occasion. They were obviously very happy. Now they had paid no more for their seats than I had. They had paid a dollar and I had paid a dollar.

Yet they were getting everything, I was getting nothing. I am a Yankee, and I like to get the worth of my money. I could not endure the thought that something splendid was going on and I was missing it. And I began to believe that it was not the fault of Beethoven and Wagner.

What an idiot I should have been if I had gone home that night and said, "Never again! I am not musical." Then I might have gone through life and missed one of the richest sources of happiness.

Thinking it over after that concert, I said to myself, "There must be something great here. I don't get it but I will go again." I went to the next concert. It was almost as bad. I was bored again, though perhaps not so hideously as before. Well, I kept on going. After a while I began to see rifts in the clouds, mountains in the fog, a suggestion of something splendid. After repeated listenings, I reached the state where I had rather hear a competent orchestra play Beethoven and Wagner than hear anything else. And I reached this state of bliss not by study, not by reading books, but simply listening — *listening with all my might.*

I am not a musician. I can play no musical instrument. The first thing I do when I get to heaven will be to learn the piano. I shall spend the first million years on the piano. It will take me about that length of time to master the instrument.

One can never appreciate great music unless one listens with serious and devoted attention. It is probable that half the men in the audience at a symphony concert are not really listening. They are thinking of something else. How ought one to listen to music?

Suppose a business man receives a visitor in whose judgment he has confidence. The visitor sets forth a scheme by which the business man will make a million dollars in three months. While this scheme is being explained, the business man listens. He gives the matter his entire attention. He is not absent minded. He is not thinking of women, or of golf, or of any other matters. He gives the visitor his attention because there is "money in it." Well, that is the way a man should listen to the music of Beethoven and Wagner. He should concentrate his entire listening power. Listening in that way is not passive, it is active. It is the outpouring of the energy of the mind. I believe that anyone who is not deaf can become a lover of music simply by listening. The music itself will do the rest. But one must listen, listen as if it were the only means of salvation.

Professor Horatio Parker, a distinguished musical composer,

told me he thought I enjoyed music more than he did. He, being a professional musician, could not hear music without thinking how it was constructed, without taking it to pieces, analyzing it: whereas I simply listen to the total, collective effect of the harmonies. Furthermore, he had that very rare gift, absolute pitch, so that the slightest deviation from the pitch by any player in the orchestra gave him torture. I do not know how that is. All I do know is that I have never seen anyone who got more delight from music than I, although I am no musician. Anyone may have this happiness in his life who will take the trouble to listen.

Music is the only universal language. In a world that has so much misfortune and bad luck, it seems an almost incredibly happy chance that musical notation should be in nearly all nations the same. If one wishes to read Goethe or Tolstoy or Ibsen in the original, one must learn German or Russian or Norwegian. But Beethoven and Tchaikovsky and Grieg wrote in the same language!

Furthermore, while poetry and painting and architecture are great arts, music is greater. Music expresses passions and thoughts that are below and above the longest reaches of words and pictures.

In William de Morgan's fine novel, "Joseph Vance," there is a scene I shall never forget. Joseph is walking on the street one day, when through an open window he hears a woman playing the piano. She is playing the Waldstein Sonata by Beethoven. Joseph listens entranced, and he says there is a theme in that sonata that "proves the immortality of the soul."

He meant that such divine music is evidence of life beyond the grave; it sings of immortality. Such music could not have come from a transitory animal; it came from divine inspiration, and is a proof of the sublime destiny of man.

Browning says the philosophers may guess and theorize; the musicians *know*.

Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear,
Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of the weal and woe:
But God has a few of us whom he whispers in the ear;
The rest may reason and welcome; 'tis we musicians know.

Education in the South

Condensed from the Outlook and Independent (January 8, '30)

Edgar W. Knight

A Southerner who teaches in the University of South Carolina

WE southerners have been distressed and nettled by recent criticism of our educational institutions. We should like to refute the statements which have been made. But those of us who value truth above pride find it impossible to do so. General education in the South, in spite of its advance, *is* at a lower level than in any other part of the United States.

Take first the length of the school term. The average annual school term of all the 48 states is greater by a school month and a half than the annual term provided by the southern states. Moreover, the quality of the teaching given in the shorter time is probably inferior because poorly trained teachers gravitate to the schools with short terms.

The evils of short terms and ineffective, dispiriting teachers are revealed in the attendance of children at school. The percentage of non-attendance is higher in the southern states than elsewhere in the country.

The southern states are below national standards in the salaries of teachers in elementary, secondary, and normal schools and in the higher institutions. The average salaries are about 60 percent as large in these states as the average for the country as a whole. In a few southern states the salaries are only half and in one only a little more than a third as large as in the entire United States. Physical equipment of schools is also very meager in comparison with the rest of the country. Studies in one representative state reveal that, partly as a result of these conditions, its high school graduates are less well educated than first year high school students in states with adequate school terms and well trained teachers.

The evil effects of this difference in schooling may also be seen even among many college students. One representative institution in the South has found that its average freshman exhibits a stage of educational progress which, measured by national standards, is normal for second-year high school students.

The southern states also rank far below national standards in libraries. In public libraries, they are at the bottom of the list. The average per capita expenditure for public library service in

the United States is about 33 cents. In the southern states the per capita expenditure ranges from 2 cents in the state that does least to 18 cents in the state that does most for public libraries. For every inhabitant in the United States there is available about two-thirds of a public library book. In some southern states there is only one-sixteenth of a public library book available for each inhabitant.

According to the latest published statistics, the people of at least four southern states have in their garages more automobiles than books in their public libraries. Except for school textbooks the southern states are the leanest book markets in the United States. As readers of the leading national magazines they rank at the bottom, and as readers of newspapers they make a poor showing. By these exhibits it appears that the taste of southerners does not run to literature.

In college libraries the deficiency is also conspicuous. The southern states are doing in this respect only one-fourth as well as the country as a whole. Harvard University has twice as many books as all the 11 southern state universities put together; and last year it expended more for new books than all these 11 universities.

These facts show a serious lack of opportunities for graduate study in the South. And it is a matter of record that, when measured by national standards, not a single graduate school in the entire South can take first rank, although three or four universities are making encouraging advances.

There are several causes underlying this unsatisfactory state of affairs. Some, for instance, lay blame on an enervating climate, though many others would disagree with them sharply. Again, the South is the most rural part of the United States. About 72 percent of its population live on farms. About 21 percent of its total population are negroes, and the maintenance of a dual school system, which is a settled policy of every southern state, increases the educational burden.

The southern states, moreover, have a larger proportion of children than any other section of the United States. High illiteracy and poor school attendance in the South are due in part to child labor in agriculture and industry. Compulsory school attendance legislation is comparatively new in the South, and still lacks the force of public approval needed for its full success.

The rank of education in the South is kept low, of course, in part by the negro. The general attitude toward his education lies close to the root of the whole problem; and the failure of state

legislatures to bring the schools up closer to the average standards of the nation is apparently due in part, at least, to the reluctance to apply those standards to negro schools.

Education in the South is also retarded by the political character of its administration. State school officers are selected on a strictly political basis and are identified, therefore, with partisan politics.

But worse than the belief that the South is too poor to afford standard educational facilities, worse than the negro and the increased burden of the dual school system, and worse even than partisan politics, are the handicaps of provincial prejudice and complacency. These social insanities help to perpetuate the educational backwardness in the South. Satisfaction with what we have done in the last three decades blinds us to the things we should do now. The South is in grave danger of ballyhooing itself into further backwardness.

In the early part of this year a prominent official of a southern state was quoted as declaring that his commonwealth "ranks first among the states of the union in almost every particular." That state maintains for one-third of its children an annual school term of only 120 days, has more automobiles than public library books, allows in industry the 60-hour working week, the 12-hour working day, night work for women, and the fourth grade clause in its child labor law. The governor of a high spirited commonwealth was quoted last year as saying: "The schools of this state are perfect." Measured by accepted standards, however, that state cannot go much lower in the educational scale without again leaving the union.

The southern states have advanced in education. But the need for progress is cumulative. The Pollyanna boosters will not help. Last year some of the South's educational institutions were "cut off with a shilling" because Legislatures believed these bedtime stories and that the educational task of the state was finished.

Throw the blame where we will, and disguise the truth as we may, the deficiencies of the South's backwardness in education remain evident to the most casual observer. And whatever the cause of this backwardness, the affliction itself stifles industry, represses effort, discourages enterprise, weakens the desire for excellence, and makes us satisfied with second-rate achievements.

Living with a Genius

Condensed from The American Magazine (February, '30)

Mrs. Thomas A. Edison as interviewed by James R. Crowell

WE are sitting in the room Edison loves best — the study of his home in Llewellyn Park, New Jersey — Mrs. Edison, Edison, and I. Mrs. Edison is telling me about Edison, the simple story of a great genius as he appears to those who know him as nobody else does. He sits nearby, reading by the light of the electric lamp which he gave to mankind.

I learn many things about Edison. He hates medicine. He loves a good joke. In music he must have something with a melody. Work is his play. He writes practically no letters. He never remembers holidays or anniversaries, not even Christmas or his own birthday.

Mrs. Edison tells me of the transcending ambition that fills this eighty-third year of his life — to turn the weeds of our fields into rubber, to make his country economically independent of the rest of the world for its rubber.

I steal a glance at Edison, sitting there absorbed in his newspaper, necessarily oblivious of our presence, on account of his deafness. The light, shining full upon him from the floor lamp at his side, reveals the silver hair, the strong face, the resolute man.

One of the questions I ask Mrs. Edison she cannot answer. She goes over to Edison, presses her lips close to his ear, and asks, "Of all the motion pictures you have seen, which one do you like best?"

"Thunderation!" says Edison. "Who cares? But let's see now — what was the name of it? Oh, yes, I remember — *The Birth of a Nation*."

"Is he annoyed?" I ask.

"Annoyed?" Mrs. Edison smiles knowingly. "Gracious, no. He is never annoyed. He is the best-natured, most cheerful human being that ever lived."

I feel more at home. Mrs. Edison and I go on talking. Edison's voice interrupts us. "The talkies have spoiled everything for me. There isn't any more good acting on the screen. They concentrate on the voice now and have forgotten how to act. I can sense it more than you because I am deaf. It's astounding how much more a deaf person can see." And he buries himself again in his newspaper.

"If you can, just notice how fast he reads," says Mrs. Edison.

"Two or three lines at a time."

"Astonishing. How does he do it?"

"By concentration. I have never seen anyone who can concentrate as he can. His deafness, of course, has something to do with it; but I think if he weren't deaf he could still do it. He's a devout believer in concentration — thinks you can get almost anywhere if you know how to concentrate.

"It's really tragic about the movies — he loved them so. They were the one exception to his intense dislike for what the rest of us call recreation. He has no use for bridge or golf. Not much for sports. The movies were different. He liked Wild West, romance and sentiment."

Edison has been ill — he is still convalescing from the attack of pneumonia with which he was stricken last August. "Has he been entirely incapacitated?" I ask.

"Mr. Edison is never incapacitated," Mrs. Edison enlightens me. "Not even when he was confined to bed for weeks. His mind was at work all the time on the problem that obsesses him now — rubber. He refused to take medicine of any kind. He says, 'I can sleep anything away,' and he proves that he can. Correct eating is one of his greatest hobbies. He believes that most folks drug themselves with excessive food and too much sleep."

I glance again at Edison and marvel at the strength of human flesh. Edison at 83, barely convalescent from a serious illness, but aglow with the fighting spirit of his earlier years, has gone forth on a scientific errand of the first magnitude. Ahead of him lie days of terrific research, nights of exhaustive study, endless hours of pondering, analyzing, probing. There is nothing more intensive than one of these Edisonian encounters with a great problem.

I seek light on this boundless energy of the man, and ask how Edison appears in the midst of one of his great scientific adventures.

"If you will think of someone living in the highest state of exhilaration," says Mrs. Edison, "seeing nothing, hearing nothing, doing nothing, except what has a vital bearing on the task in hand, you will have a faithful picture of Mr. Edison at such times. Up at seven in the morning. Breakfast at eight. At the office at nine. Then a day of the most intensive application for him and his associates. Rarely home for lunch at such times. Seldom home for dinner.

I learn that there have been occasions when three or four days have passed in this manner, when his only sleep comes in 20-minute periods on a couch in

his workshop. His gigantic will power enables him to slip away from his feverish activities and fall instantly asleep.

"And then," Mrs. Edison continues, "when the task is finished, he returns home to tell me of the accomplishment. Then he sleeps for 18 hours without stirring. Normally he sleeps about six and one-half hours a day.

"Mr. Edison is a man of strong likes and dislikes, but it is upon the customs of people, rather than people themselves, that he turns a critical mind. He loves humanity. I have never heard him say he dislikes any particular person. Happiness, gayety, and cheerfulness are the things he craves in everyday life. He detests confusion and disorder.

"He reads constantly. We take eight newspapers; he reads them all. He spends hours pondering over works of science, books of travel, biographies, mysteries, and adventure stories.

"Work is his life," Mrs. Edison assures me. "He calls it his play, and feels that a job well done is more beneficial than a month at the seashore."

Edison comes of a long-lived family. Both his grandfather and great-grandfather lived to be over 100. "All I have to do," says Edison, "is take care of the excellent machinery I started life with."

As I was leaving, Edison smiled a pleasant good-by. "If you write anything," he said, "don't forget about the talkies. For a deaf man, they're terrible."

FOR THE BLIND

THE READER'S DIGEST is the only monthly ink-print periodical issued in its entirety in Braille. Each Braille copy is a clothbound book, approximately 11 inches square in size, and 2 inches thick. It is sold at actual cost of production, $2.00 for a single copy or $20 a year (plus carriage charges), by the American Printing House for the Blind, Louisville, Kentucky.

The Talk of the Town

Excerpts from The New Yorker

A YOUNG electrical engineer having a baby, a wife that worries about it whenever they go out, a salary so modest that he cannot employ a nursemaid, and an old cigar box, put his mind to work a few weeks ago and evolved a pretty neat little contraption, something like the telephone but more like the Televox. To one side of the cigar box he attached a telephone diaphragm. Inside it he placed transformers, radio tubes, coils, all arranged according to the mystical formulas of electricity. From the bottom two wires lead off, one to a light socket, the other to a buzzer in a neighbor's apartment. Now, whenever he and his wife go out of an evening, the cigar box stands by the baby's crib, silently watching. Baby doesn't cry very often, but when it does, the first yip out of it sets the diaphragm vibrating, the various other sections of the instrument respond, and the upshot is that, two floors down in the neighbor's apartment, the buzzer emits a warning buzz. The neighbor is a good soul, and knows just what to do in such cases.

If you are planning to go abroad on the *Leviathan* and do some telephoning it is as well to remember that your conversation may not be private. An amateur radio experimenter reports that with a low-wave receiving set he is able to listen in on the *Leviathan* most any time. He has been doing so frequently for several weeks. He has found that there is a pretty constant flow of language back and forth over the air, none of it, to his mind, worth seven dollars a minute, however. A number of businessmen are always calling their offices from the ship. If they talk plainly, it's dull. If they use a code, it's dull too. "Buy five hundred filibuster, equal agony, four strain, sell design" — boresome. Wives calling their husbands are only mildly interesting. Half the conversations begin, "Guess who this is!" The next remark is frequently, "Probably you'll be angry because this costs so much." Sometimes the husbands swear a little.

When paying customers aren't talking, the operators themselves converse with each other, frequently as a matter of experiment. They read difficult words in varying intonations to see how they go through the ether.

Latest story illustrating how statesmen mold history by a phrase: At the last Reparations Conference, Stresemann of Germany and Briand of France had conferred far into the night; terms had been suggested, debated, amended, rejected. Immediate agreement was hopeless, obviously. Finally Briand remarked, "The only thing we can do now is go to bed." Stresemann agreed. The two left the conference chamber, to be immediately surrounded by newspaper correspondents impatient for news of the meeting. Briand, one of whose hob-

bies is playing pranks, greeted them gravely. "We have discussed the situation thoroughly," he said, "and find that France and Germany are in complete accord as to the next step to be taken." The two statesmen, smiling, passed on and went to bed. The next morning newspapers the world over printed the rumor that France and Germany had united to face England's demands. The sequel was that almost immediately the temper of the Conference changed, and along the lines the newspapers had indicated — an example in psychological effect.

In Forty-second Street, across from the Library, you will find Dr. Wilfrid Voynich in his office. Call on him if you have two hundred thousand dollars with you, and wish to buy an illuminated manuscript. He has one or two that cost that much. Recently J. P. Morgan paid him $75,000 for an old book adorned with decorations attributed to Giotto.

Dr. Voynich is Polish and comes from a family which for generations has been accustomed to going to prison for their activities in behalf of Polish independence. At twenty he landed in jail himself, spent two years in solitary confinement in a Warsaw fortress, and was then sent to Siberia. The preliminary confinement was to weaken the prisoners so they would die on the trip to Siberia. Dr. Voynich did not die. He escaped from Siberia after two years, and now resides in the Commodore Hotel. He was the first dealer in illuminations in town. At first he had hard sledding but people now know about him.

To find what he wants he mostly ransacks castles. His greatest discovery is a manuscript in code by Roger Bacon; found it in 1912 in a castle in southern Europe. (He won't tell what castle, lest other dealers get certain other objects he has his eye on.) The manuscript is of 116 pages (six missing), all in code, profusely illustrated with paintings of plants, ovaries, stars, etc. — a kind of encyclopedia of astronomical, biological, and botanical discoveries that would have been frowned upon at the time. Scholars agree it is the work of Bacon, done while in prison. Dr. Voynich will sell it for $100,000 to a public institution; won't sell it at any price to a private collector — too important. Scholars all over the world, using photostat copies, are at work trying to decipher it, and Professor William R. Newbold of Harvard thinks he has it. It's the earliest cipher manuscript known, and nobody knew of its existence till Dr. Voynich uncovered it.

A great passion of his is taking apart the covers of old volumes to see if anything is inside. Bookbinders, in the old days, used to use "printer's waste" — vellum, paper, scraps of all kinds. Dr. Voynich has destroyed hundreds of covers, and occasionally gets something good. He once found a fragment of Magellan's map this way. It told about Magellan's trip. Unluckily the Doctor lost the original while on a lecture tour, but museums have copies. Once he bought a library in Florence of one million volumes because he thought it contained a manuscript of Dante's "Inferno" illustrated by Michelangelo. It didn't.

People request strange things from him. In London an American came in

one day and asked for an autograph of Christ. Dr. Voynich once knew a collector who bought the skin of a serpent in the belief it was from the serpent that tempted Eve.

One thing we've noticed about characters in plays — they never open a window when they go to bed. Why is that, do you suppose? A minor point, perhaps, but it's beginning to get on our nerves. We've seen countless bed-time scenes on the stage, but we can't recall one in which any character, about to retire, had the common decency to open a window in the bedroom. They do everything else — put out the cat, take off their clothes (or take off other people's clothes), brush their teeth, put out the light, and then slip into bed without letting any air into the room. Stuffy, we call it.

One of our Washington agents reports exactly what happened in government circles over the big problem of communicating that note to the Soviets. The United States not having recognized the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics — the State Department, in fact, being grimly oblivious of its existence — it was palpably impossible for Mr. Secretary Stimson to sit down and send a cable addressed "Moscow, U. S. S. R." That would be recognizing the Soviet government. At the same time he knew that if he addressed it "Moscow, Russia," it wouldn't get anywhere — the Soviets would indignantly refuse to accept a cable so addressed. This difficult situation, the toughest Secretary Stimson has had to face since the Gann-Longworth dilemma, got him down for a time. Finally, after thought and solemn consultation, he sent the cable to France, requesting that government to forward it. The French performed this service courteously, keeping a straight face, changing "Russia" to "U. S. S. R." and sending it along.

Now if Mr. Stimson had decided to send the note by mail, instead of cable, he would have been in hot water of an even higher temperature. A letter addressed "Moscow, Russia," would instantly have been returned by our own Post Office Department, with a rubber-stamped notice that the address was insufficient. The Post Office Department won't accept mail for any Russian city unless it is addressed "U. S. S. R." In short, the Post Office recognizes the Soviet government, but not the old Russian government, while the State Department recognizes the old Russian government but not the Soviets. In this way the United States avoids entanglements with foreign nations.

A professor of archeology, returning from Central America, arrived with some earthen bowls, dried herbs, charms, and so on, and these bewildered the customs man. He just didn't know what to do about it, and he finally called in a coworker for consultation. After a huddle they turned to the archeologist with a question directed at the heart of the matter: "What are these things used for?" They were used, the archeologist explained, by medicine men of prehistoric Yucatan. "Ah," said one of the inspectors, "We'll list them under 'Druggists' Samples.'"

This Ever-Changing Business World

Excerpts from The Business Week

A NEW and ambitious plan for building homes on part-payments has just been put to work by Sears, Roebuck and Company. Construction will be handled by 48 offices of the new building division in strategical cities located along the Atlantic Seaboard and in the Middle West.

For years this concern has been active in home-buildir g but the new plan increases the percentage loaned and extends the time for payment. Formerly 60% of the cost was carried by the company; the loan had to be wiped out in 5 years. Now Sears, Roebuck and Company puts in up to $3 for every $1 by the home builder. Payments, which start 4 months after the transaction is begun, can be extended over 15 years. As security for the 75% loan the company takes a mortgage on the house.

The home-builder pays 6% for the money advanced plus a definite amount for retiring the loan. Total required per month is $8.56 per $1,000.

Sears, Roebuck will be in friendly and constant touch with these customers for 15 years (if they take the limit of time). New homes are the greatest possible stimulant to buying. Here the company has a tremendous potential market for the 35,000 articles so enticingly listed in its famous catalog.

Before this new service was inaugurated the company had nothing to do with the labor used in putting up houses from materials it sold. Now it will not only sell the materials but will supervise through experts the entire construction. This will be done by hiring the labor or through contractors, according to local conditions.

Sears, Roebuck does not sell sectional buildings (except garages). What it sells is standardized joists, studding, windows, doors, etc. These are made into houses on the owner's lot. Parts are cut by the thousand in plants with power machines. In addition to the saving in labor there is an 18% economy in lumber. Total savings claimed in 290 houses built experimentally under the new plan run from 10% to 23%.

The company has 100 designs from which one may select a home without having to pay for the plans. Builders may have their own plans prepared and may depart from the standardized parts but the cost is higher.

Motorists may do their banking without leaving their cars at the new building erected by Grand National Bank in St. Louis. The bank at Grand Boulevard and Olive Street, is in a highly congested traffic center. Depositors must often park blocks away, carry their money perilously over crowded sidewalks.

A private drive along one side of the building has opening upon it three "traffic windows" at which tellers will wait on customers.

Glass used is bullet-proof type, one and one-eighth inches thick.

Drug stores are not making enough money so they are going into the restaurant business. Grocery stores are not making enough money so they are adding fresh meat and delicatessen departments. Packers are not making enough money so they want to go into the grocery business. Mail order houses go into the chain store business. Now the cigarette war is reducing tobacco store profits so that it is rumored that United Cigar Stores Company plans to add groceries. Everyone is poaching on his neighbor's field. Consumer's dollars have not increased so each roving retail group must take its newly sought gains away from some other group.

But it was to be expected that United Cigar Stores would take to selling groceries. George K. Morrow, one of the principal owners, is also head of the new Gold Dust Corporation merger. Besides Gold Dust and Fairy Soap, this corporation produces several brands of shoe polish, margarine, mayonnaise, pickles, salad dressing, shortening, H-O flour, macaroni and other grocery products. Now that women are coming to cigar stores to buy cigarettes it is too bad not to capitalize the effort that brought them in.

Changeless in a changing world — the safety pin.

Now it, too, is in the march of progress. Dr. Woodward Colby of St. Paul has made the safety pin safer. Has even made it edible.

Dr. Colby, who specializes in the care of children, has had many serious cases of safety pinitis. He was inspired to design a safety pin that's safe even when swallowed open. It has been adopted by St. Paul hospitals. It isn't on the general market.

Aluminum research has discovered a new luxury trade outlet. Novelty jewelry is designed to meet a vogue for massive looking baubles which are yet light in weight. Costume necklaces, bracelets, and earrings are the most popular.

About 3,000 of America's 35,000 plumbers have trucks so completely equipped that the plumbers are sure to have all their tools and materials with them, regardless of the nature of the job. But only the George Winburne Plumbing Company of Wichita Falls, Texas, has capitalized the idea to its fullest extent. The Winburne truck is boldly labelled "Plumbing Shop on Wheels," and the business card of the company bears the slogan, "The job is free if the plumber has to go back for tools or material."

In the last 3 years the company has twice made good on this promise.

Well! Well! Well! Another useless thing has found a use. Needles of the prickly pear are cut to size, shaped, polished, and sold as gramophone needles by British manufacturers. They are said to give unusually fine tones and to last a hundred playings.

Long-awaited commercial development of cornstalk by-products seems destined for a real trial with the formation of National Cornstalks Processes, Inc., in Chicago. This $1,000,000 concern, backed by former Governor Lowden, Henry A. Wallace, H. F. Perkins, president International

Harvester, and other mid-west business leaders, has leased for five years the patents on cornstalk converting processes developed under Dr. O. R. Sweeney at Iowa State College. Aided by the State, by the Federal Government through the Bureau of Standards, Dr. Sweeney has spent some 15 years in developing processes to utilize the 150,000,000 tons of cornstalks produced annually. Some 15 or 20 industrial by-products have been produced experimentally; the new company's first product will be lumber substitute.

Chains of mills throughout the corn belt are planned to reduce transportation costs. If they should be successful in their aim to provide a market for cornstalks at $3 a ton or more an annual addition to corn belt farmer's income of some $450,000,000 is possible — a much-to-be-desired outcome of Dr. Sweeney's long researches.

America's really basic crop, the one which, in the long run, determines the size of all other crops, is decreasing at the rate of 50,000 units a year, or between 3% and 4%. That is the baby crop. Rate of production in 1930 will be no more than is necessary to maintain a stationary population. A real period of stationary population will be reached about 1960 or 1970, with a grand total for this country of 150,000,000. The potential market for baby things is rapidly decreasing. The falling off in the baby crop is one of the major causes of the present unenviable condition of the farmer; it also has much to do with over-production problems of industry.

A similar trend appears throughout Western Europe, the predominant foreign market for American agriculture. Thus the teeming millions of Asia afford the best prospective foreign market. But first the Asiatic living standard must be raised, and many prominent sociologists say that this can only be done by birth control. But if birth control raised standards, it would lessen population, and the market for American surpluses would not be big enough.

There is some hope in the fact that most of the experts admitted that changed conditions during the next fifty years might upset all their gloomy predictions.

Anyone can now "bring home the bacon." Kosher bacon has been invented in Milwaukee. It is made of steer, instead of pig. The Rabbi has given this new product his stamp of approval, so the egg need never more be lonely on any breakfast table.

Origins

Contributions from Readers

For each of the following examples of the origin of a word, $5 has been paid in accordance with the announcement in our last issue. So many interesting contributions have reached us that we shall hope to present more of these "origins" in a future issue.

In the winter in the country regions where horses are used, the roads, especially on hills, are snow-ploughed very poorly. Horses going along these roads would collect snow inside their horseshoes. This formed slowly, but surely, into balls of snow often as high as four inches. The horse would slip and the driver would sometimes have to get out and knock the snow off the horseshoes. This is the very singular origin of the expression to be *all balled up*.

Contributed by Judith Beach, Belmont, Mass.

✣

In olden times the mender of pots, pans, etc., who was generally an itinerant, used to proclaim his approach by beating on a kettle, and at his work he produced a "tinkling" sound when metal struck metal, hence he was called a tinker.

When he had a joint to solder he built a wall of mud, clay, dough or the like to retain the melted flux. After the completion of the repair the retaining wall was torn away and discarded, and so we have *not worth a tinker's dam*, as indicating something of absolutely no value, and this class of artisans is absolved of the stigma of profanity.

Contributed by William H. Powell, Baltimore, Md.

Whenever I hear a person using the expression "He'll never set the Hudson river on fire" I know that he is substituting "Hudson river" for "the Thames." The origin of that phrase was given me by an octogenarian Scot, some years ago.

In olden times a prospective bride was expected to do a certain amount of spinning for her "hope chest." One feature of the old spinning wheel consists of a cylindrical peg-like bit of wood which projected from the side of the rim of the wheel. This was called the *tems*. When the wheel spun rapidly and continuously, this portion, due to the friction thus produced, would become warm. Hence it was said of a maiden, not industriously inclined, "Oh, she'll never set the tems on fire!"

Contributed by Maud Thompson, Glen Ridge, New Jersey.

✣

From the time of the conquest to the 14th century, the language of England was in a very unsettled condition. Latin seems to have been used in formal written documents, while French was the spoken language of the Court and the nobility. Saxon was spoken universally by the lower orders, and even this varied so greatly that the people of the south could scarcely understand those of the north. The language of the Court could not, of course, be comprehended by the common people, who knew only Saxon, and so a language suitable for proclamations and edicts was gradually formed,

and to distinguish it from mere dialects, it was called "The King's English." Chaucer and Gower, at this time were very much about the Court and learned this style of speech. They were the first writers to write in a speech which thenceforward was recognized as "The English Language" — "The King's English." — *Earle's Philology of the English Tongue.*

Contributed by J. W. Lyle, Kansas City, Mo.

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When a knight was fully clothed in his armour and equipped with all his terrible weapons and went parading through the village, it required a very large horse to support him. The knight was said to be on his high horse, in contrast with the smaller horse for hunting. From this has originated our saying that a person is *on his high horse* when displaying especial aggressiveness. — *Life on a Medieval Barony.*

Contributed by Rev. George E. Taylor, Pemberton, New Jersey.

++

When the Moors were masters of Spain their ships used to lay wait for merchant vessels coming through the Strait of Gibralter bound for Italy, Greece and Egypt, in order to plunder them.

These Moors were no fools and very wisely observed that it did not pay to kill the goose that laid the golden eggs, so, to keep up the game as long as possible, they levied a sort of blackmail with a fixed scale of payment on the value of the cargo after the ship had been taken into their harbor of Tarifa — about 30 miles from Gibraltar.

Thus originated the word *tariff.* Some people still think the tariff is a hold-up after all these years of practice and sanction.

Contributed by James F. Potter, Montreal, Canada.

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It is said that Richard Turner, an English temperance orator who had an impediment in his speech, would invariably speak of t-t-total abstinence. In derision, his supporters were nicknamed teetotalers. — *Handybook of Literary Curiosities.*

Contributed by Ruth A. Miller, New York City.

++

Nowadays when one goes into a store to buy a yard of goods the salesperson measures the goods by running the edge of them through a machine which registers on a dial exactly the length of goods run through the machine.

This was not the case a few years ago before such machines were invented. In those days the salesperson measured the goods by holding them on the counter between two brass tacks driven into the edge of the counter a yard apart.

"Getting down to brass tacks" thus insured accuracy and forestalled dispute.

Contributed by L. Leslie Loth, New York City.

++

In the thirties America was flooded with "wildcat" money, and counterfeiting was so common that suspicion became fixed on almost all paper money. Through it all, however, the bank notes of the Citizens' Bank and Trust Company of New Orleans commanded the respect of the whole of the Mississippi Valley and the remainder of the country as well. In the days before the Civil War this bank's notes were printed in French as well as English. The most common denomination was the ten-dollar

note, and it bore the Roman numeral "X" and the Arabic numeral "10." But also in the middle of the back was printed the French word "Dix" amidst the other lettering in French.

The Mississippi River then was the great highway of traffic between New Orleans and the North, and in the argot of the river, when a man was headed down South into Louisiana on a trading expedition, he was going to "Come back with a pocket full of Dixes." From "Dixes" to "Dixie" was an easy step. And the South, particularly Louisiana, became known as "the land of Dixies," or more briefly as "Dixie land."

Contributed by Bert Morehouse, Pasadena, Calif.

✣

In the 15th century when Italy was leading in the arts her cities were not slack in following the lead of painting and sculpture by creating the modes in fine dress. None was more mighty in the sway of fashions than was the great duchy of Milan. So much did the world follow the lead of Milan that an inhabitant of the city, a Milaner, came to be a synonym for one well-dressed. So, today, we have our "milliners" who, in the general specialization of vocations that has come with the machine age, now confine themselves mostly to hats. — *The Confusion of Tongues.*

Contributed by Philip P. Baird, South River, N. J.

✣

According to Percy S. Bullen, chief of the American correspondence staff of the London Telegraph, the use of *high*, as applied to slightly putrified meat and cheese, started back in the old days. When game was brought in from the hunt it was stored for future consumption by being suspended from a series of hooks or placed on shelves. When the cook wanted meat he went to the storage chamber and took down the nearest quarter of venison or the most convenient partridges. Naturally, the game placed low in the hooks or shelves was used first. And when the cook had to get a stepladder and reach for the high meat — well, it was "high," that's all.

Contributed by L. E. Harper, Kansas City, Mo.

✣

Toward the end of the 18th century the game of graft was at its zenith in the British Navy.

Admiral Hood — a man well liked by his sailors — was called before the Courts to answer charges of misappropriation. It appears that he had used funds to make up arrears of pay to his men and the judge was aware that he was an honorable man. When the case reached a critical point Hood made an ambiguous statement and at the same time winked to the judge, thereby fooling his accusers.

Naturally he was acquitted but the phrase "hoodwinked" passed into current usage from that time.

Contributed by James F. Potter, Montreal, Canada.

✣

An old English grandma said, "You Americans use very flippantly the expression 'Cold Shoulder,' and I have failed to find one who knew its origin.

"The English hospitality for centuries back was famous for its delectable, hot, juicy mutton, but when the guest's stay was prolonged for days and even weeks, the sire privately told the butler to 'Serve the shoulder cold until further notice!'"

Contributed by Harriet Waller, Hillsdale, Michigan.

Repartee

Contributions from Readers

Choice has been difficult among the very large number of examples of repartee submitted in response to the invitation in our recent issues. Some of the contributions printed are, admittedly, not new. But unusual wit has unusual claims to long life.

Contributions used are paid for at $5 each. Where the same item is sent in by two or more persons, the contribution reaching us first is given first consideration.

The humor of English political campaign speeches, at its best, is unsurpassed. When the late John Morley had finished an oration by requesting his hearers to vote for him, one man jumped up and shouted angrily, "I'd rather vote for the devil."

"Quite so," returned the unruffled statesman, "but in case your friend declines to run, may I not then count upon your support?" — *Detroit Free Press.*

Contributed by Anne L. Vail, Highland Park, Mich.

++

Lincoln once took occasion to criticize a Greek history on the ground that it was tedious and monotonous. One of those present, a diplomat, objected. Said he: "The author of that history, Mr. President, is one of the profoundest scholars of the age. Indeed, it may be doubted whether any man of our generation has plunged more deeply in the sacred fount of learning."

"Yes, or come up drier," said Lincoln. — *Lincoln's Own Stories.*

Contributed by John Van Duyn Southworth, Syracuse, N. Y.

When Dr. S. B. Harding was teaching in the history department of Indiana University, he was seen perambulating across the campus one bright Saturday morning pushing a baby carriage.

"Out airing your son, Dr. Harding?" inquired a senior.

"No," said the professor with a barely perceptible pause, "no — I'm out sunning my heir."

Contributed by Nayne Reed, Attica, Indiana.

++

Oscar Wilde's greatest rival for conversational honors was the painter Whistler.

On one occasion, while discussing a work of art, Whistler made a witty comment. "I wish I had said that," exclaimed Wilde. "You will, Oscar, you will!" Whistler reported. — *Art of Conversation.*

Contributed by Edith Ewing, Wheaton, Minn.

++

There is a story of a visit John Barrymore paid to a haberdasher in Hollywood. After ordering this and that, he turned to leave.

"And your name?" the clerk asked innocently.

"Barrymore," was the chill reply.

"Which Barrymore, please?"

John surveyed him coldly. "Ethel." — *Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

Contributed by Geraldine B. Simonetti, Watertown, Mass.

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Beatrice Hereford, the famed monologuist, appeared in London in her specialty for a while. One afternoon she had just stepped on the stage

when a cat came in and sat down beside her. The audience tittered. Quick as a flash Miss Hereford called sternly, "You get out. This is a monologue, not a catalogue!"

Contributed by George Strobel, Seattle, Wash.

++

Horace Greeley, who always insisted that the word "news" was plural, once wired to a reporter: "Are there any news?" The reply came by wire: "Not a new."

Contributed by Margaret Schott, Cranford Hall, Oberlin, Ohio.

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Chauncey M. Depew, in his memoirs, tells about a dinner given by Queen Victoria to Liliuokalani, Queen of the Hawaiian Islands.

"Your Majesty," said the dusky personage, "Do you know that I am a blood relative of yours?"

"I didn't," said the astonished English monarch. "How so?"

"Why," said Liliuokalani, "my grandfather ate your Captain Cook." — *Toasts and Anecdotes For All Occasions.*

Contributed by C. F. Keller, 88 Van Reypen St., Jersey City, N. J.

++

On one occasion, a conservative lady was taken down to dinner by Winston Churchill. She said to him, "Mr. Churchill, I must tell you that I don't like your politics. You may say that it is simply a matter of personal taste with me, just as I might not like your — well, your mustache." To which Mr. Churchill replied, "I see no reason, madam, why you should come in contact with either." — *Life and Letters of Walter Hines Page.*

Contributed by Rev. Wilber W. McKee, Rochester, N. Y.

When Abraham Lincoln was a lawyer in Illinois, he and a certain judge once got to bantering one another about trading horses; and it was agreed that the next morning at nine o'clock they would make a trade, the horses to be unseen up to that hour, and no backing out, under a forfeiture of $25.00.

At the hour appointed, the Judge came up, leading the sorriest-looking specimen of a horse ever seen in those parts. In a few minutes Mr. Lincoln was seen approaching with a wooden saw-horse upon his shoulders. Great were the shouts and laughter of the crowd and both were greatly increased when Mr. Lincoln, on surveying the Judge's animal, set down his saw-horse, and exclaimed: "Well, Judge, this is the first time I ever got the worst of it in a horse trade." — *Stories and Speeches of Abraham Lincoln.*

Contributed by Irma R. Chapin, Jefferson, Ohio.

++

Bernard Shaw is a vegetarian and seriously objects to appearing at dinners and luncheons.

Lady Randolph Churchill (who before her marriage was Miss Jerome of New York) was ignorant of this fact and asked him to luncheon to meet a distinguished guest.

Shaw wired back to her, "Certainly not. Why should I break my well-known habits?"

Lady Randolph swiftly retorted by wire, "Know nothing about your habits but trust they are not as bad as your manners." — *Boston Transcript.*

Contributed by Miss A. Regina Foster, Wellesley, Mass.

A pompous young man called on Mr. Joseph Choate at his office. He was asked to take a chair. The lawyer was busy, but the youth was impatient, and in a moment interrupted the lawyer with the remark, "I am Bishop Blank's son."

"Please take two chairs," said Mr. Choate. — *Joseph Choate, Lawyer, Statesman, Humorist, Orator.*

Contributed by Frances Clendening, Detroit, Mich.

++

At a concert in Detroit, quarters were decidedly cramped and Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink, the soloist, had to make her entrance from the rear, down through the orchestra with its maze of music stands. All went well till she came to the orchestra where her familiarly large proportions began knocking over music racks.

"Go sideways, Madame," hissed Conductor Gabrilowitsch in an excited stage whisper.

Ernestine wrinkled her brow, gave a puzzled look from right to left, and called back to the conductor in a hoarse whisper, "Mein Gott, I have no sideways!"

Contributed by E. R. Brite, Long Beach, Calif.

++

During the hearing of a case, Judge Darling was disturbed by a youth who kept moving about in the rear of the court.

"Young man," exclaimed the Judge, "you are making a good deal of unnecessary noise. What are you doing?"

"I have lost my overcoat and am trying to find it," replied the offender.

"Well," said Darling, "people often lose whole suits in here without all that fuss." — *Philadelphia Ledger.*

Contributed by S. Levy, Philadelphia, Pa.

Paderewski was giving a private concert at the home of a young matron who had recently acquired great wealth, but whose knowledge of music was not equal to her money.

"May I ask, Mr. Paderewski," said the young woman, "who is the composer of that selection you played last? It is indeed wonderful."

"Beethoven, Madam," answered the pianist.

"Ah, yes," she replied. "Wonderful. Is he composing now?"

"No, Madam," replied Paderewski gravely; "he is decomposing." — *Ladies' Home Journal.*

Contributed by Alice C. Pinkney, Watertown, Wis.

++

It is reported of Will Rogers that while tending a corn crop in Texas, a neighbor said, "Will, your corn looks yellow."

"Yes," said Will, "I planted the yellow kind."

This made the neighbor angry and he said, "You are not far from a fool, are you?"

"No," said Will, "jest the fence between us."

Contributed by John Whorton, Readyville, Tenn.

++

A few years ago Helen Keller toured the country and lectured on the subject of "Happiness." After each lecture the audience was given the opportunity of asking her questions. Everything from the sublime to the ridiculous was asked. Her ready repartee was shown in the following:

Gentleman: "Can you feel colors?"

Helen Keller: "Yes — I can feel blue."

Contributed by Stella R. Pearson, Topeka, Kansas.

EARNEST ELMO CALKINS (p. 950) has had a distinguished career in advertising. He is also a writer and lecturer on art, politics, and advertising subjects. In 1925 he was awarded the Edward Bok gold medal for distinguished service in advertising. He is the author of "Business the Civilizer."

SAMUEL CROWTHER (p. 957) author and journalist, was correspondent in England and Germany for the "New York Tribune" in 1918-19, and special correspondent in Europe for "Collier's" in 1922. He has written a number of books on business and has collaborated with Henry Ford in writing two books. His latest book is "Men and Business," written in collaboration with Harvey S. Firestone.

SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA (p. 962) lecturer, author, and Chief of the Disarmament Section of the League of Nations, is recognized as an authority on international relations. He occupies the Alfonso XIII. chair of Spanish literature at Oxford, and is married to an Englishwoman.

EDWIN E. SLOSSON (p. 969) died in October, 1929 after an illness of several months. The article here condensed is one of the last he wrote. Dr. Slosson was perhaps best known for his book "Creative Chemistry." He held degrees from a number of universities.

JOHN T. FLYNN (p. 976) began his literary work as a newspaperman and was at one time managing editor of the "New York Globe." When Mr. Munsey bought and scrapped it, Mr. Flynn took to free lancing and writing a daily syndicated newspaper article on business.

WILLIAM TRUFANT FOSTER and WADDILL CATCHINGS (p. 979) began studying economics and social problems together as members of a Harvard debating team, about 25 years ago, and have ever since kept up the discussion. In 1920 they started the Pollak Foundation for Economic Research. Five years ago they published their first book, "Money." Two years later they published "Profits."

WILLIAM BOLITHO (p. 982) is a South African journalist who first gained attention in this country by his writings in the "New York World." He has written a brilliant volume of essays, "Leviathan," he has subsequently written "Murder for Profit" and "Twelve Against the Gods."

STUART CHASE (p. 986) is president of the Labor Bureau, Inc., of New York, and is the author of "Your Money's Worth," "Men and Machines," and "Prosperity, Fact or Myth." This last was the December selection of the Paper Book Club.

ARTHUR D. LITTLE (p. 990) is one of America's great chemists. Last year he was elected to the presidency of the Society of Chemical Industry of Great Britain.

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN (p. 1027) is professor of English at Wells College.

EDWARD SAPIR (p. 1028) is professor of anthropology at the University of Chicago. From 1920 to 1925 he was chief of the division of anthropology of the National Museum of Canada, at Ottawa. Among his books are "Language: An Introduction to the Study of Speech," "Time Perspective in Aboriginal American Culture: A Study of Method," and "The Psychology of Culture."

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS (p. 1036) professor of English at Yale University, is well known in connection with his popular department "As I Like It" in "Scribner's."

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More Nuts to Crack!

For those who enjoyed last month's nut-cracking [illegible] on a few more gathered from this issue. The [illegible] puzzler should find the placing of these sentences in the [illegible] contents, suited with just enough difficulty to give [illegible]

We had just enough money between us to buy the Grand Duchess lettuce and a tomato for supper.

↔

There is such a thing as the fascination of ugliness. Often our eyes will come back again and again, not to the most beautiful, but the most overwhelmingly ugly person in a room.

↔

The modern city stands on a foundation of cans and ice.

↔

Instead of "saying it with flowers," you can say it with polysaccharides and coal-tar compounds, and it will work.

↔

"We had to get rid of you. It cost us five grand, but you're gone."

↔

Peppa was simply amused to find lice in a strange bed he slept in.

The active animals of today now live in such [illegible]

↔

Two sharply, [illegible] legs with the strange [illegible] ing, tartar-free [illegible]

↔

"Whew! What a [illegible] cat has!"

↔

He could bite off [illegible] the size of your [illegible] never count the cost.

↔

Water is the civil [illegible] binds.

↔

She has never [illegible] that radiators do [illegible] light.

↔

They have more [illegible] in their [illegible] than in their public libraries.

↔

There is only one [illegible] goes about with [illegible]